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THE JUNE '04 CLASS DEDICATES
THIS ANNUAL
TO PRINCIPAL CHARLES E. EMMERICH
AND THE FACULTY
OF THE
MANUAL TRAINING HIGH SCHOOL

MANUAL TRAINING HIGH SCHOOL ANNUAL



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Drawn from Life
by Bynum Fletcher



In March

Think not, dear heart, because the snows are sifting,
And bleaching wood and fence and field
In powdery piles high drifting,
That all the brighter days 'gainst us are sealed.
For sometime, somewhere, the Spring's unfurling
In waves of color, blue violets all dewy-wet,
And in bright skies are flakes of cloud-foam curling,
As if both sky and sea commingled met.

Think not that hungry wolf-winds howling
Across the plain, in search of prey,
And round about the household prowling,
Presage for us no fairer day.
For in soft airs are tender shoots forth-springing,
And orchard crofts are blanched with bloom once more,
And somehow, somewhere, dearest heart, are singing
The joyous birds forevermore.

MARY DILLINGHAM

Our Hermit

WHILE on a camping trip in the wilds of northern Wisconsin we discovered our hermit. He was a man of medium height and slight build, with long auburn hair, a reddish beard, high forehead and wonderful brown eyes. Dressed in corduroy trousers, a blue flannel shirt, homemade moccasins and a deer skin cap, with a large box covered with skin strapped upon his back, in which he carried huckleberries, he presented an unique appearance. As he stood outlined against the underbrush, offering his berries, he made a picture that we campers have never forgotten. He resembled some of the pictures of Christ and we children used to wonder if he really were not Christ living on earth.

All were very much interested in him and desirous of making his acquaintance; with the grown people he was reticent, resenting their questions, but he seemed to take pleasure in telling us children stories of nature and pointing out forest secrets, hidden to our eyes. He never laughed at our ignorant questions and childish remarks but tried to satisfy us in his own beautiful way. We had heard so much of his little cabin and pet deer that the life he lead seemed ideal to us and the hardships of living twenty miles from any inhabitant through the long cold winter seemed as nothing. We loved and almost worshiped him and it was with great impatience that we looked forward to his Saturday trip, ready to walk to the village and back with him.

The last Saturday of our outing came and all hated to say goodbye to "Our Huckle-berry Man" as we called him. One of the campers got out his kodak and asked permission to take a picture of the berry-box, seeking under that pretence to get a picture of the hermit, when to his surprise, the recluse seemed pleased and asked to have a picture sent to him addressed to Will Cox, Star Lake. The camper with interest said that his name was also Cox. He replied that his name was really Wilcox but that he called himself Will Cox.

Afterwards when one of the party was showing and describing camp pictures, to a young lady, the story of Wilcox was listened to with great interest. The young lady then related a story of two brothers who were students of Michigan University. They had been hunting in Wisconsin a number of years before, one brother staying longer than the other. There they had lost trace of him and had never been able to find him. The father and mother had both recently died and the estate could not be settled. She was corresponding with the older brother and would write him, sending the picture and address of our hermit, in hopes that he might be the one.

Inquiry was made and our hermit proved to be the long-lost brother. He agreed to return so that they might settle the estate. When this was done he accepted but a small sum of money and made his way back to his cabin in the solitude of the northern wilderness.

His was a sensitive nature, one that craved the melancholy of the still pine forest and wild lake, happy in the heart of nature with his books and forest pets.

"And this 'his' life, exempt from public haunt,
Finds tongues in trees, books in running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in everything."

MABEL AYRES



At the Sign of Two Fingers



OF COURSE it was June. No well regulated fishing story ever deviates far from the months of June or July. The "broad river" very naturally "flowed peacefully on," the "feathered songsters warbled," the "glorious sunlight" streamed through the "luxuriant verdure of Nature" and flashed and danced on the "broad bosom" of the river. Any long-haired poet, strolling listlessly near, would have heard lessons and poems galore "whispered from the lips of Mother Nature."

Strange to say, however, these beautiful surroundings made not the slightest impression on two small beings, attached to poles and sitting on a log. These were not "lads," nor were they "happy barefoot little urchins," but simply a couple of "kids" who had sneaked away from home at the sign of two fingers. These boys did not sit silent, patiently waiting for the finish, but "cussed" thoroughly because they got no "bites." Later they "got tired" (not "weary with the day's sports") and lay down on the log to rest. Instead of "dreamily planning their happy futures," these little villains read from the adventures of Jesse James and blew cigarette smoke in each other's face.

Finally the evening came. (The "darkening shadows did not deepen into night"). It simply "got dark" and the boys started for home on a "double quick." Now the pace of one was not retarded by one of the "numerous cares of childhood," but by a good-sized boil on his "laig."

On reaching their homes these little truants were not met by a "loving mother" with a "kind heart and a sad face" but were confronted by the "ole man," who was "hoppin' mad" and armed with a broomstick. He did not plead and endeavor to show them the error of their ways, but encouraged them up the stairs and to bed in a way that was a "caution." Even here the boys did not lie "sobbing in each other's arms" but "bawled lustily" until they heard the tread of their daddy's boots on the stair when they "shut up" and went to sleep. So ends the story of a day's fishing, so common-place as to be unusual.

JOHN KRAFFE



Uncle Josh's Town Adventure

(As told by himself)



"The only time I went to town,
I tell you I was done up brown.
The first thing I desired to know,
Was what was in the big depot.
So I pushed through the swingin' doors,
And ambled o'er the marble floors,
Until I run aginst a box
That wouldn't stand a storm of rocks.
'T was mostly glass; some printin' said,
'Bell, tell someone's cow,' it read.
I couldn't see whose cow to tell,
But who e'er 'twas, he couldn't spell.
As sure as I'm alive I know
That cow aint spelled just plain c - o.
Upon the door in brilliant hue,
Was pictured off a bell in blue.
Now I can't see an earthly thing,
In a door-bell that you can't ring.
The blamed thing was so strange to me,

I thought I'd loaf around and see
If something would turn up that might
Relieve my nerves and set me right.
And by an' by two fellers came
Right up to me and I'll be blame
If one did not go in that box
Without so much as tryin' the locks.
And I peeked through the glassy wall
To see what I could see a' tall.
And there he stood before a thing
With bells that looked as if they'd ring.
He dropped a nickle in a slot
And held something up to his "knot,"
And 'gan to talk out of his head.
You ought to heard what that man said:
'Gimme the National Bank,' he cried,
Then waited and looked satisfied.
This scared me out, I turned away,
So I could hear no more he'd say.
I hadn't waited long about,
Before he came a waltzin' out.
'Did you get it?' his partner cried.
When he said, 'Yes,' I nearly died.
No bank I saw, but then I guess
That they would send it by express.
'Spent five cents and got a bank,'
I sought my purse; my spirits sank.
A gold half eagle therein lay,
But nickle, none to my dismay.
Then suddenly old Josh got wise,
My blasted hopes began to rise.
'A nickle made it rich for you,
I'll see what this gold-piece will do.'
I spake; and 'fore you could say, 'Bean,'
I was in before the durned machine.
I dropped my fiver in the slot,
Took down the thing and let her go got.
I heard a buzzin' in my ear,
And something sweet said, 'Number, dear.'
I thought, 'Old man, your chance has come,



Now make the best of it, by Gum!'
 And in a voice I thought was right,
 I yelled away with all my might,
 Gimme the world and all that's in it;'
 And someone answered 'In a minute.'
 I waited with expectant joy,
 Feelin' like a circus boy.
 I heard a rattlin' and a hummin',
 I sang out, 'Glory! hear it comin.'
 But, suddenly, there came a smash,
 My hopes was blighted with a crash.
 I thought my time had come to go,
 And things looked black; I felt as though,
 I'd heard a thund'rin' boomin' noise
 Like the glorious fourth and all its boys.
 A snappin' and a crackin' too
 And I begun to feel 'real blue.
 And then ten thousand red hot devils
 Seemed to curse me in their revels.
 I thought they'd kill me then and there
 They seemed to dig out all my hair.
 They pinched and bit and scratched my face
 Their seething brands I felt them trace,
 My arm felt like 'twas full of needles
 My stomach full of pinchin' beetles;
 A million sparks passed 'fore my eyes,
 I felt myself hurled toward the skies.
 Then to earth like a meteor spark,
 I struck the floor and all was dark.
 I came to in the calaboose,
 The marshall wouldn't let me loose,
 Till I paid fifty dollars fine
 For damage I had done the line.
 This course then I resolved to foller
 To cut it straight for Bean Pole Holler,
 And here I be, and here I stay
 Sure as my name's Josh Hornaday."

WALTER GUEDEL



The Great Football Game

I TELL you, boys, that was the greatest game that ever was played. For weeks beforehand, Saunderson, the captain of the team, had kept the squad hard at it practicing for this game. "Sandy" was a great believer in the theory of training. He always ate raw beef and soft boiled eggs, and in training or out never ate any fruit. He liked fruit once, especially apples---that is, other people's apples; but a dog cured him of that. Once he was making an accelerated exit from a farmer's orchard and a dog bit off a large piece of "Sandy." Next day "Sandy" went up in chemistry and got Harley Rhodehammel to put some soothing-syrup on the place. Harley said he thought it would get well though it was a bit sore now. Harley always was getting off things like that, but he never meant anything by it. Sometimes he had to draw diagrams to help explain the finer points of some of his jokes, but when the demonstrations became intricate he used to call in "Bee" Diddel to help him. "Bee" was great in geometry. He was always absent when the lessons were hard and always recited when they were easy. Consequently he flunked very seldom. "Bee" was not a lazy boy, but he did like to sit down in mechanical drawing. He would always lower his table clear down to the lowest notch and then he would scratch around until he found a box or something to sit on while he worked. Mr. Bronson finally had to hide everything that could be sat on and then put a clamp on "Bee's" table so it couldn't be lowered. George Emminger said that if

Mr. Bronson would put "Bee" to work on "link-motion" he would never want to sit down. George had worked at it until he was wild-eyed, woolly-haired, and could see around corners and he knew what he was talking about. Mr. Bronson once said that whosoever mastered "link-motion" would be fit to take a responsible position at any railroad or a funeral, he didn't know which. But that was all before he was a witness in the trial. After that he never joked very much. He just looked sad. Cotton's cross-questioning was too much for him.* Cotton and Raschig were the attorneys for the defense. Raschig was great on cross-examination but when he rose to make a speech he got so red that his ears sizzled and his hair curled. Raschig was an awfully affectionate sort of a fellow. He had an umbrella that he was fond of—. Why once somebody took it by mistake out of the cloak-room and left in its place a fine, silk, ivory-handled umbrella. Pretty soon Raschig found it out and he nearly cried. Said he wanted his old cotton "rain-stick" back again. He went to Mr. Hall—he was our session-room teacher then and he refereed in the big football game. I tell you, boys, that was the greatest game that ever was played. For weeks beforehand Saunderson, the captain of——

Why boys! Not going are you? I wanted to tell you about that game. Well I'll tell you some other time.

W. F. KAPPES

The Curse on Uncle Eph's House

HI, DAR, don't go under dar, don't! don't! don't!" He had begun entreatingly but ended in a tone of command. Astonished the young girl stopped, while an old darkey got stiffly down off a ladder and, placing it to one side, said, "Land sakes o' life, honey, ah wouldn't had you to go under dat ladder noway. Yes ma'am it's the meanes' kind of bad luck."

Amused at the superstitious strain in the old darky, the young girl drew him into a conversation regarding good and bad omens, and finally asked him if he had ever seen a ghost. The darky thought awhile and then said, "No, ah haint neber seen no ghost, but onct ah thought ah seen what one was a doin'."

"It was dis away. You remember when all us darkies was so scared by dat old witch woman dat was livin' on Belt street? Well dat's the time."

"One afternoon when ah was away workin' and Mandy (that's mah wife), she was a washin' in the old kitchen and ain't thinkin' bout nothin', all a suddent some one said right back her, "Howdy Mis' Bubu." Mandy she's flustered and turned round quick and dar was dat ar old witch woman. She kinder laughed and told Mandy not to be scared, she neber hurt no friends anyhow. Then she said she'd tell Mandy's fortune and Mandy 'lowed she couldn't and the old woman 'lowed she could. Anyhow she grabbed Mandy's hand and looked at it real close and then told her something that happened way before the war. Well now, Mandy she just grabbed dat hoodoo woman and carried her out in the street and locked the door. Dat old woman just hollered and screamed, and said she'd put a curse on the house and it would come true dat night."

"Now when ah got home Mandy was just dat scared she would hardly let me in the house. After supper ah done went to the grocery store for some meal and when ah got home Mandy was in bed so ah just put the meal on the mantel and got on to bed just as fast as ever ah could. Dar was'nt no light burnin' and we's just layin' dar waitin' to hear somethin' and by 'un by when we's just 'bout sleep, pop right out the wall dar came a round thing with long legs and crawled down the wall, like a big grand-daddy long legs, across the floor and under the bed. Mandy she hollered and told me to light a match and ah reached out of bed to get a match out of the can when law me, it seemed dat right out under mah hand a ball of yeller fire jumped and skated down the door, across the zinc and under the stove. Well, right dar dis darky had to get up for Mandy had fainted. Ah got the water and brought her to, and then that ar woman made me get down on my mah knees and see what was under the bed. Under the bed I ain't found nothin' but Mandy's ball of yarn with the knittin' needles stuck in it. You see the mice had knocked it off the mantel when they was a gitin' at the meal, for the sack was gnawed the next mornin' an' half the meal was done gone."

"But, Uncle Eph," said the young girl, who had listened attentively, "What was under the stove?"

He laughed sheepishly and said, "Well, you see Mandy had braced the door with the wash-board and had forgotten to take the soap off so when ah got out of bed ah bumped the board and the soap slid down under the stove. But ah tell you, Miss, we didn't sleep much dat night and afore long the old witch woman went to Louisville 'cause the people was goin' to have her 'rested for makin' all their chickens die."

EDITH OHLSEN

A Night Piece

Calm is the heavy odor-laden air,
Deep and intense the silence is, no sound
As far as ear can strain. All forces both
Of earth and heav'n have still'd themselves to silence,
And th' all-vasty night and limitless
Is indication of the wond'rous power
And magnitude of earth and of earth's God.
The flowers breathe out their very souls to fill
The joyous air; the trees clothed rich in green,
But greyed and darkened in the gloom of night,
Stand monuments, that guard the quiet world,
Filled thro' and thro' with idleness of sleep,
And cover'd gently with the light perfume
Of plants, deep-rooted in the fresh warm soil.
What soft, reviving breath now reaches me?
From whence this gentle breeze, that, stealing, comes
With gradual pace along the line of fields
That stretch interminably as far as eye
Can follow, then are lost in mistiness?
A Zephyr, newly 'scaped imprisonment
Of all the pent up Winds, comes stealthily
Along o'er ever wid'ning vales, from South
To North, and soothingly it trembles o'er
My cheek an instant, then is felt no more,
But passes on and on to mere oblivion.
Thus, follow they, one after one, bringing
The rich rare odor of the roses, burst
Newly into bloom by warmth of summer night,
And heavy-laden with the scent of flowers
Of lesser growth, commingling with the sweets
Of trailing honeysuckle newly ope'd.
The dim, young, struggling moon not visible
E'er now, shows faintly from the mantling clouds,
Then disappears, but bursting through again,
Successful at the last, she idly sails,
Surrounded by the attending stars; and, too,
The clouds sail on, forever in attempt
To hide her face. The misty lightnings pass
And repass athwart the sky, and are infused
Into the vap'rous clouds t' reflect a glow
Of silver on the earth, that trembles far
And farther on, into the edge of things:
And when the clouds, clearing, have left the moon
In full possession of a starry sky,
The earth, all bathed in mellow light, becomes
At once a wond'rous dream of living beauty,
Up sending odors to the face of heav'n,
Thrice thankful for the vision that it sees.

ARTHUR BERKELEY GAUNT



An Awful Experience

POOOR LUCK always had dogged my footsteps and so I suppose it was nothing unusual for me to receive another visit from my unwelcome visitor—an own cousin, by the way, at that—and to make it worse he was compelled to stay over night. Now, when it is known that he was a restless sleeper and an awful kicker, I think all will agree that I had sufficient cause for displeasure. Twice before, had I slept with him and twice before, had I awakened, sore in body and sore in mind. Twice before, did my cousin assure me that he had had a pleasant night's sleep, while it was all that I could do to keep from pummeling the life out of him. However, I submitted to my fate, I couldn't help it, and went to sleep at ten-thirty.

It seemed but a short time since falling asleep, when I awoke. I seemed to be in very uncomfortable quarters and I experienced a strange, stifling sensation. I tried to sit up, but could not move a muscle. It was very dark save for a single streak of light. Where was I confined and why? These thoughts flitted through my mind but I could not answer them. I heard a noise—evidently, there were others in the room. Listening intently, I faintly heard these whispered words, "Poor boy, too bad he had to die." Like a flash, the situation burst upon me. I was supposed to be dead and my uncomfortable quarters were a coffin. I experienced a prickly sensation in the region of my head—my hair was standing on end. I tried my best to cry out, but no sound passed my lips. Would I be able to wrench the coffin lid off, like the girl in Edgar Allen Poe's story? Oh, but the terror I should experience in the meanwhile! Why did I deserve such a fate?

I was trying to devise some means of escape, when I heard more whispered talking. They were going to take the coffin to the hearse. My brain was in a whirl. I did not know what to do. They approached the coffin and grasped the handles at the sides. The clanking noise caused by this action broke the spell which bound me and with a superhuman effort I wrenched the lid off and hurled it to the floor with a clash.

A scream rent the air, and I awoke to find my cousin sprawling on the floor. In his restless sleep, he had lain crosswise on my chest, causing that strange, stifling sensation. In my endeavor to relieve myself of the weight, I had lifted him bodily and had hurled him to the floor. He has never slept with me since.

SAM GOLDSTEIN



Little Johnny Sim-Sim stood in the gym-gym
Wearing no gym-gym shoes.
When Mr. Hall spied him, he slipped up beside him
And frightened him into boo-hoos.



Waiting For an Inspiration



MY TASK was to write a theme. I had been sitting at my desk for almost an hour but as yet no inspiration had come. "Walter!" someone cried from an adjoining room. I knew who that "someone" was and meekly answered, "Yes'm." "Don't you think you had better get a bucket of water?" The tone of voice plainly implied the answer. I thought I had better and, bucket on arm, I adjourned to the backyard. I was deeply impressed by the beauty of winter. A deep, white cover of snow lay on the ground and sparkled in the brilliant moonlight. Each branch of the spectre-like trees was outlined with a glittering deposit of frost crystals and each twig was a jewel-bedecked sceptre in the hands of its maternal bough. Not a breath of air was stirring and not a sound disturbed the peaceful tranquility of the winter evening.

I placed my bucket on the ground and stood awe-struck by the natural beauty of the scene. I turned my eyes toward the great, silver moon, and the myriads of twinkling stars that surrounded her. I tried hard to pierce the gigantic orb which shone down on the cold world below with such a kindly light.

Slowly, a figure became discernible in its beaming face. It was the profile of a beautiful woman's head, the figure of the lady of the moon. An expression, entrancing and very devout, rested upon her radiant features as she gazed, wistfully, up into the depths of the deep, blue firmament.

"Ah!" I cried, "there my inspiration must come." My surroundings could only be conducive to such a conclusion. The awe-inspiring stillness, the supreme reign of peace and quiet could terminate in no other manner. My spirits began to rise and visions of an A+ theme danced before my eyes with the thought of the coming inspiration. My every sense became painfully alert and my gauzy, filmy air-castle of hope almost reached the eminent heights of my muse-like lady of the moon; for the inspiration was coming; I could feel it in my veins; in another moment it would be mine.

What was that! A horrible, squeaking, grating noise sounded from an adjoining yard. Some person was performing a duty similar to mine but in a much more faithful manner. Another long, doleful creak. My inspiration was rapidly going. Then a second pump, a rusty one, uplifted its mournful voice and pushed the inspiration still further away.

A door slammed, violently and, in a moment, a face peered into mine,—not the radiant features of the lady of the moon,—but the stern, reproachful countenance of my mother. She did not utter a word but grasped the bucket and quickly pumped it full of water. Then, placing the bucket on her arm, she tucked up her skirts and hurried to the house, leaving me, bewildered and speechless, with the grim realization that the inspiration was lost.

WALTER GUEDEL



Questions of the Day

When was August Bohlen?
What did Lillian Peele?
Is Jessie Good? Is Carl Browne?
Who said he saw Ruth Steele?

What started Harry Coffin?
Can Lawrence Hitt a thing?
Is Bertha Gaunt? What gave Frank Ayres?
Since when is Berg A. King?

Whose hair was Philip Kirlin?
Did Charles Cross the road?
And who has got the money
Which Victor Winterrowd?

Can Edward Cooke? or can he not?
Did Carl Adam right?
Who doesn't know that little Raymond
Knox with all his might?

Why isn't Vina Weiser?
Is Leroy White from fear?
Who says Ruth Storms? Who sent Earle West?
Now, isn't Irwin Deere?

Many in this rhyme should kick;
The author to the same
Will give this piece of good advice:
"Go get another name."

MARGARET WILLIAMS

A Feline Comedy

SOMETIMES I am drawn into controversies much against my will, and such was my unfortunate experience the other day, when I was called upon to act as witness or referee, I don't know which, to a bout between our neighbor's cat and our own. I don't believe, however, it could be exactly called a bout, for they were overstepping any rules that I ever heard of, and especially the gentlemanly limits of Queensbury rules. But whatever it was, they were certainly doing full justice to the opportunities that our backyard offered for such a meeting, and I, being of a retiring disposition, did not wish to disturb their spirited argument by crossing the field of battle. So I stood quite still—an unwilling spectator, as I imagined, to the "mill."

However, the spectacle soon grew so lively that I forgot my scruples, and became an intensely animated official, hopping about and calling fouls, and cheering whenever the interest reached a climax. Now, it appeared that the cause of all this trouble was due to the fact that our cat did not like his neighbor, and consequently, catching him in our yard, tried to eject him for trespassing. But he seemed to have utterly miscalculated the prowess of his opponent, and the failure to carry out his project was resulting in the disturbance that threatened our peace and property. All of this I quickly recognized, but no sooner, I judge, than did our cat himself.

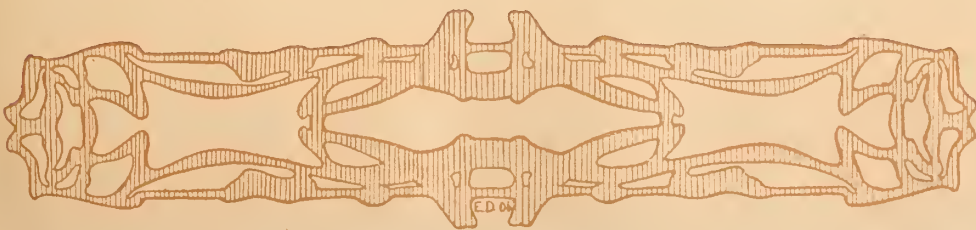
He was fairly running over with rage and indignation. His whole body, and especially his back, was as prickly as that of a porcupine. One would almost judge that he had curvature of the spine, so high was the ridge of bristling hairs, that shook and quivered with anger. For awhile he stepped around upon his very tiptoes, emitting now and then a sonorous, scale-ascending howl that terrified me beyond measure. But not so the other cat. He was evidently prepared for such noises, and pranced about with an equally haughty attitude of bravado, giving forth a combination of "meows" that easily put to shame the best efforts of ours. But I longed to stir them to still greater activity and thus get the full worth of my money, when all at once, they, themselves, saved me that trouble.

The result could not have been more satisfactory had they been placed in a vessel and stirred with a spoon. In fact, so thorough was the mixing, that our yard might have been a vessel, with some unknown force stirring up "meows," discord, and belligerents. Such evolutions I have never seen before or since. Both cats were performing "stunts" in gymnastics that would have done credit to the world's best "pugs." They were striking viciously, side-stepping, and finally, by way of change, "uppercutting" with a deftness that brought forth anguished howls of pain.

In fact, so fierce grew the rounds, that one of our cat's nine lives began to be in jeopardy, or so it seemed to my anxious eyes, and consequently I began to root enthusiastically for our representative, hoping that it might encourage him in his dark hour of despair, and so land him the victory. But alas for him who knoweth not the nature of animals, before he entereth into the ways thereof. The effect of my assistance was entirely undreamed of. For all at once he seemed to become so depressed or frightened, that he "threw up the sponge" and started for our back-door at an ignominious and record-breaking pace. The remaining combatant lost no time in starting out in hot pursuit, as I supposed, to punish the other for his "yellow streak." But no! He followed the footsteps of the other at an equally hot pace, but instead of going in at the door, where the other had disappeared, he shot past the entire porch and jumped over the adjoining fence into the safety of his own yard.

Now, all of this was very abrupt and a damper to my enthusiasm and an awful disgrace upon the time-honored bravery of our family connections. But, exasperating as it was, it taught me one thing, and that was, I should never allow my interest to wax so warm as to interfere with the rights and intentions of others and especially the rights of feline belligerents.

EARLE H. WEST



Educational Value of Farming



THE CLASS of people usually represented in papers by an individual wearing a broad, straw hat, a red bandanna, and designated by the name "Uncle Silas," are, more often than not, possessed of considerably more wit than are those wise-in-their-own-conceit individuals who attempt to ridicule them. This may not be because of any extraordinary native talent in the men, but because of constant practice afforded by their occupation, in certain branches of higher education, the teaching of which is erroneously supposed to be the exclusive function of schools and cities.

For instance, a city chap, versed in books of adventure, might well be expected to have sufficient ability to manage any sort of an animal from a mouse to a giant. Yet the odds are, that, despite his learning, in attempting to drive a drove of horses along a road, he would have a hard chase every time he came to a lane. Not so the farmer. An old farmer friend of mine has a unique method of doing two men's work under those conditions. He erects a stake in the middle of the lane; and his coat and hat, placed on this, make his ability twofold. For, if the horses doubt the identity of the figure, they so little doubt that of the hatless, coatless figure cracking the whip behind, that they have no time to make closer investigation; and so, go straight forward. This farmer would have no wonder when told of the triple-formed Diana, because he can easily be so himself. It was ingenuity gained in similar practice, I imagine, that fitted Cincinnatus and our Putnam for sending the enemy down the proper road,—as Cincinnatus might have said—"The road to Orcus." Thus, a farmer needs no military training to be a good soldier. Of course it might aid him in dress parade.

The son of this same farmer friend of mine, from living in favorable rural surroundings, developed quite a vein of humor; so much so, that, on one occasion, when I asked him if his neighbor still kept roomers, he replied: "No, she passes them on to the next neighbor as soon as possible; I don't call them roomers, though; I call them gossip, pure and simple. You may do as you like, though." This same boy has more recently gone to the city where he contributes to the comic page of the daily papers, working over the old, old jokes about "Chauncey" and "Henpeck." He would be surprised and much mortified if he were informed that he has not coined a real joke since he left the country.

It may seem the height of absurdity to say that country life will develop a good orator. But, when a farmer, plowing corn, strikes a blind stump so that all eight of his eagle-claw cultivator pins are broken, it is safe to say that there, with only circumambient nature, the offending stump, and the horses as auditors, will be delivered an extemporaneous oration, impassioned, pithy, straightforward and abounding in the most expressive epithets—an oration which would have put Pericles, Cicero and any one else except our own Patrick Henry, wholly to shame. There is a reason for such eloquence. His auditors are wholly passive, whereas, in an assembly of men, such as he would necessarily address if speaking in the city, his mind might be distracted somewhat from the subject of his speech by thinking of the possible differences of opinion among his hearers. So the talk would be much less forcible.

As is always readily conceded, the power to appreciate music and the ability to produce it are crowning elements of higher culture. The farmer is awakened every morning by a classic chorus. The geese, waddling around the house in one direction, quack a strophe; the guineas, gliding around in another direction, screech the antistrophe; and the chanticleer, getting down from his perch, gives the epode before the door. Nor is the farmer unappreciative. Indeed, he is often worked up to such a fine frenzy as can only be relieved by instant action. And he must, therefore, be out of bed immediately. It is not long, either, till he displays his talent for producing music. He issues from the house, begins to whistle. The geese, guineas, chickens, the dog and the housewife's pet pig surround him in a drove; the horses in the barn neigh, the cows in the back lot bellow!—Could Orpheus attract the beasts of the field to come and listen to him? Pooh! what if he could?

The farmer learns strategy, humor, oratory, music. Why should he long for the boasted culture of the city?

ELMER ADAMS



The Imp's Revenge

Early at morn, in a very bad fix,
An imp of Satan crossed the Styx.
A surly look spread o'er his face,
He seemed the fiercest of his race.

He suddenly spoke, with a lowly moan,
"I'll kill Saint Peter for what he's done ;
He refused me way through the pearly gate,
To the streets of gold and the heav'nly state."

"I'll fix him," in an angry tone,
"I'll bring him down from his lofty throne.
The latest infernal machine he shall feel,
A war-like, death-dealing automobile."

Suiting his word, he, with hasty stride
Climbed in the machine which stood at his side,
And, with an oath, turned on the power,
Which hurried him upward at forty an hour.

The terrible thing mounted higher and higher,
Leaving far behind the brimstone and fire.
It climbed with speed up the narrow way,
Stopping for nothing, night or day.

At length, the machine, at a reckless rate,
Smashed square against the pearly gate.
Then, the gong, with its terrible din,
Aroused Saint Peter and those within.

Saint Peter, appearing in angry haste,
Opened the gates with scowling face,
Demanding, in his loudest tone,
"Why, thus, approach the heav'nly zone ?"

The imp replied with fiendish grin,
"At great expense and work I've been
To bring the last invention of man
For you to try with your own hand."

At once, Saint Peter, without a thought,
Jumped in the machine the imp had brought,
The wicked fiend with skillful hand
Turned the thing from the heav'nly land.

Then, he jumps, quickly, from his place,
As it darts off at its fastest pace,
Leaving Saint Peter all alone
To make his way to the torrid zone.

ROY McINTOSH



Oh Boys!

If you want to get wed before you are dead,
I'll tell you just what to do :
Be a villain outright and she'll marry on sight
Just to make a man of you.

When asked as to his favorite bird
"The two o'clock owl," he said.
We wonder who the girl can be
Who has so turned his head.



Harrington's Predicament



RTHUR HARRINGTON was in a predicament. He was in love. Now, ordinarily, being in love is not considered a serious predicament, but when one is in love with two girls and doesn't know which he likes better, he is in a very serious predicament. Such was Harrington's condition of affairs. His feelings were in a state of chaos. When he was in the presence of Miss Dorothy Wharton and beheld her becomingly clad, as usual, he was positive that he cared more for Dorothy; but, strange to say, when he saw Miss Clarice Adams in one of her dainty dresses, he was equally positive that his preference was for Clarice. At this time Harrington became interested in amateur photography. He practised faithfully on inanimate objects until he was confident that he had gained sufficient experience to attempt the pictures of Miss Dorothy and Miss Clarice. Accordingly, one bright day he took a photograph of Dorothy and immediately afterwards one of Clarice. He took the camera to one of the leading photographers in the city to have the plates developed. He requested the firm to mail the prints as soon as finished to the respective addresses of Dorothy and Clarice.

Several days later Harrington was rapidly walking toward Miss Dorothy's residence, picturing the warm welcome he would receive and Dorothy's thanks for the picture. He was soon at the house, but instead of being asked in, he was politely told that Miss Dorothy Wharton was not at home. Surprised but undaunted, he proceeded to Miss Clarice's, thinking that he loved Clarice better after all. He reached her home, but here he was politely informed that Miss Clarice Adams was not at home.

Harrington pondered deeply, but could not arrive at a logical conclusion. The more he thought of it, the more puzzled he became. He finally decided to go to the photographer that had finished his plates to see if he could get the negatives. Arriving there he asked for the negatives. He had no sooner looked at them than he sank into the nearest chair, completely overcome. In the center of the negative was Dorothy Wharton's photograph, clear and distinct; a little to the left was a faint yet unmistakable likeness of Clarice Adams. When taking the pictures, Harrington had neglected to reverse the plate-holder, consequently making two exposures on one plate. Now he is bemoaning fate and the fact that cameras were ever invented.

SAMUEL GOLDSTEIN



Youth

IT WAS the night before Christmas, a night in complete harmony with the joy, peace and hope of the time. The brilliant moon shone upon a white earth from a cloudless sky. The air was just chill enough to be infectiously brisk, and created in me a springing step as I walked along the silent street, thinking pleasant thoughts of the past and present, in accordance with the spirit of the Christmas-tide, and building air-castles for the future. I looked ahead into the misty beyond, and behold! I saw an ever changing scene passing as if in review before a conspicuous figure, my future self. I would be an engineer, engage in work for some large railroad, work which would allow me to travel, as I have always wished to travel, continually. I saw myself in a favorite position on the rear platform of a speeding train, watching and enjoying. I should build up a happy home, and would enjoy many a comfortable evening before a cheerful fireside.

The scene changed. I would be a lawyer. I would plead, always careful to be in the right; I would engage in politics; nay, I would be a member of Congress and in that position would engage in my favorite pursuit, debate. And again I would have a home. And so my dreams changed, none impossible, all improbable. The fiery optimism of youth accomplished much that night toward the improbable, but always one picture remained the same, that of the home. And again—

But I reached my destination, and sadly gave up my happy forecasting. The moon still shone, but without its former luster; the sky appeared a trifle misty. And I was sorry.

IRWIN COTTON



Music

O Music, child immortal,
Born of boundless sympathy
Behold me at the portal
Of thy mystery.
Behold and do not leave me,
For lo, you then would grieve me ;
O Music ne'er deceive me
With decay.
Thy soft sweet sounds relieve me,
And thy melodies, believe me,
Drive soul-depressing thoughts
Along their way.
So, Music, take thy golden harp
And gently play.

Ha, the wond'rous harp is lifted,
And ah, there come to me
Rare sounds like sunshine sifted
Thro' a leafy tree,
Where steals across the vibrant strings,
In clear-voiced melody,
A whispering of the higher things,
A joyous ecstasy.
Hark ! the melody is ending
Forth in clearer notes is sending
Gracious notes forever blending
With delight.
Beauteous notes forever tending
To God's height.

Ha ! again the harp is lifted,
Ah ! again there comes to me
Mournful sounds like thunder rumbled
O'er a desert lea,
Where emanates from throbbing strings,
In deep-voiced harmony,
A feeling of profounder things,
A painful ecstasy.
A steady waning of a solemn sound
And a note that dies
Where broken lies
The string unwept in silence vast, profound.

A. B. GAUNT

Class Play

THE January '04's have always ranked among the first in original ideas and the class play written by Ethel Stolz and Will Kappes was no exception to the rule. The stage represented a temple of Apollo. Pythia and her attendant priestesses were dressed in the white flowing robes of ancient Greece. The attendants marched solemnly and silently before Pythia and finally deposited a floral offering before Apollo. To the Muse, seeking advice, came representatives from each phase of school life and last but not least, Mr. Emmerich.

Senior (in cap and gown)—O Prophetess inspired by Phœbus' potent will,
To augur well what fate and time fulfill,
A Senior bold, I stand before thy shrine
And ask that thou my destiny divine.

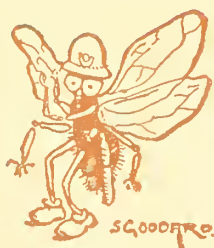
Pythia—O Senior, thou who dares to ask thy fate,
To thee Apollo's will I now relate:—
Through four short years thou'st struggled o'er the road
Which starts the youth toward Wisdom's fair abode,
And for your guidance that you may succeed
M. T. H. S. supplies your need.
Manhood, Truth, and Honor,
Sincerity: the path of light will to you show
As onward to the goal you go.
Go now and make an early start
While faith and high ambition rule thy heart.

Z. Z. Z.—O oracle great I come to thee, ain't it?
To find all about the future, don't it?
I've come across the great blue sea
With a Taggart's lunch for company,
From a great big High School in the west
Which people all declare the best.
M. T. H. S. is the school as you guess,
From this red and white, you'd know no less.
Now tell me the fates, already yet
The jolly three Z's are likely to get.

Pythia—Dear little Dutch girl, jolly and good,
I'd tell your future at once if I could.
At Taggart's lunch I am greatly surprised—
Dutch girls are good cooks as I've been advised.
Something tells me no future you'll have at all;
Indigestion, in youth, will pay you a call
If you don't immediately learn to prepare,
Dishes well cooked and that taste pretty fair.

Oski Wow—I'm a chieftain, great and mighty
Chieftain of a mighty nation
Of the great and strong Oski Wows,
From across the big sea waters
In my small canoe of birch bark
I have come, O great Apollo,
Come to learn the future of my mighty tribesmen.

Pythia—Listen, O thou noble chieftain,
Take unto thy mighty tribesmen
This the message of Apollo.
Soon will come into your nation,
To your great and mighty nation,
One day when they all will scatter
Unto all the winds of heaven.
Many farewells will be spoken,
Very sad will be the parting,
But where e'er your tribesmen wander
And what e'er their occupation
Indian grit will force them onward.



A FLY COP

Ran-Chero—I'm just an ordinary cow puncher, come from the Ran-Chero outfit. We heard tell of a Mr. Apollo over here in Delphia who dealt out prophecies through his stenographer. So the outfit delegated me to strike for Delphia and hit the stenographer for a bit of futurity. Now, miss, I hain't got the slightest intention of paintin' your town red or any other color, that not bein' my kind, but I'd thank you for a bit of enlightenment.

Pythia—Listen, cowboy from the ranges
Close to Mother Nature bred,
Ease thy mind, thy future happy.
Can ought else be done or said?
Say unto your trusty outfit
These words from Apollo's fame,
Always stand upon your honor,
Sacrifice it not for gain.

Colonial Maid—O Pythia, before you see
A Colonial Maiden on bended knee,
Sent by my sisters to ask of you
The fates for us you have in view.

Pythia—Arise, sweet maid!
Great will be the fame
That comes to those who bear the name
Of your sorority.
To you and to all other "Frats" I say
Let all your mottoes be what e'er they may
With one exception,—Society.
Society—that giddy whirl of pleasure
Helps not the High School boy or girl
To reach the end, they all intend.
Enough! Quaint Maid!
If with your increased numbers
You strive with all your hearts,
Upon the great stage of the world
You'll nobly play your parts.



Mr. Emmerich—Most mighty prophetess, I have come here mainly as the escort of this band of pupils from my school and also to ask the future of that institution. The classes at graduation have always left their pictures and a gift. The increasing size of the classes has an attendant difficulty. What shall I do with all these gifts? I cannot put them in my vest pocket.

Pythia—Thou ruler of two thousand lives,
To my advice give heed.
And this an ancient maxim
You'll find will suit your need.
Oh! never trouble trouble
Till trouble troubles you.
And then you keep the upper hand
And that's the way to do.
Among the High Schools in your land
M. T. H. S. the first shall stand.
And by whose effort? Yours indeed
Has placed your High School in the lead.
By command of Phoebus, a god divine,
Draw near and receive thou this sign
Of his approval. With this band
Of laurel, I now crown thee
Chief of all teachers in your land.

WILL KAPPES AND ETHEL STILZ



Making Connections

TWO YEARS ago, I started for Kansas on a visit all alone and had to change cars at the St. Louis Union Station. The folks at home had repeatedly told me what to do and I was real brave until I stepped off the train. The station is perfectly arranged and one could hardly get lost or mixed up if he is at all cool-headed. But I was not cool-headed. Which way should I go? Where was my train? It was not due for two hours, but nevertheless it seemed to me that it ought to be there. I stood helpless and ready to shed tears of anguish when a porter came by and said, "This way, lady. Please move on!"

Wretch! Where could I move? Blindly I started on, reaching the gate, and there again stood dazed.

"This way, lady," said a kind conductor, and I made a dive for the gate pointed out, all the while trying to see if I couldn't see my train, until I bumped bang into another porter, who, grinning like a villain, pointed out the waiting room and told me to pass on.

Scared, indignant, and feeling decidedly "green," I sought out a seat and arranged my numerous parcels to my satisfaction. I had rested a minute when the idea seized me that my train must surely be in. I rushed to the door, then remembering that some greedy thief might take my valise, I rushed back to my seat. A whistle sounded. That was surely my train. I grabbed my things and hurried to the gate.

"Ticket, lady," said the man. I showed it to him.

"Your train ain't due for nearly two hours."

Crestfallen, I went back and arranged my bundles again and sat still for just a minute when that insane desire seized me to see if my train wasn't coming. But it wasn't, and nervous and scared I haunted the information bureau until the keeper put out a sign, "Gone to dinner!" I poked my ticket at the gateman until he told me not to come again until he called me.

How I ever existed until the train arrived I do not know, but it must have been with sighs of relief that the man at the bureau, the gateman, and the porter saw me climb gingerly on the train, which, even after the gatemen, porter and conductor had assured me was the right one, I was sure would take me either to New Orleans or Boston.

LILLIAN PEELE



Little Miss Muffet sat on a tuffet
Of cucumbers eating a lot,
But the organs within 'er, disagreed with her dinner
And now she's tied up in a knot.



The Race

IT IS the day of the shell race between the reds and blues, the two factions of the school. Lined along the banks of the river from the start to the turn are crowds of graduates and school boys, excitedly waving banners and ribbons and vociferously prophesying the result of the race. At last the shells are slid carefully into the water and the rowers take their places. But where is Brown', the captain and stroke of the reds? Fletcher is in his place. The boats are now by the judges' raft, the crews in position, the coxswains alert, all waiting for the signal. A crack of the pistol and the shells are off; like machinery the rowers move back and forth in their seats, taking long, even strokes; the oars flash in the sunlight and cheers rise from the onlookers on every side.

The blues have pushed a yard or two ahead, but Fletcher of the reds keeps up his steady stroke. He is nervous and has a wild desire to quicken the stroke, but holds himself down. He must keep cool and steady or lose the race, for his men are anxious and discouraged without their regular captain; they are not sure of him; they know he is capable but inexperienced. He must show them, must keep them steady.

They are nearing the turning place, the blues are turning now, the reds just behind as both crews with great care and dexterity turn the shells and with renewed energy start off, the blues shooting ahead, taking advantage of their turn and using a quicker stroke. But Fletcher at his seat is not discouraged, they have made the turn more slowly as it was too dangerous—it meant too much to run any risks. Little Spades, the coxswain, is scolding and encouraging the boys together. Gradually he quickens the stroke, counting steadily to himself. "We are gaining, but faster, boys, faster, they are a quarter ahead," shouts the little coxswain. He feels the criticism of the crew, the desire to spurt ahead, but he knows they must save their strength for the finish.

There is only a quarter of a mile to cover and the blues are nearly four lengths ahead. The blue partisans are jubilant, sure of victory, but the reds shout encouragingly to their crew. They must make up almost twice as much distance as the blues. Can they do it? With grim determination they row with quick, strong strokes; like a streak goes the boat through the water. See, they are gaining rapidly. Like one, row the crew, steady, strong, their faces tense. The judges are almost reached, the blues are half a length ahead but with powerful strength the reds pull even, then ahead; the race is theirs.

MABEL AYRES



Felinus

(Translated from the ancient Latin.
Showing why a cat has nine lives.)

A cat sat on the fence one night
Singing maeow, maeow, maeow-waow.
It would have made your hair turn white
Or run away from very fright
And leave your cranium bald quite
To hear that maeow, maeow-waow.

I found kind words of no avail
To stop the maeow, maeow, maeow-waow
So seized—(but nay, my voice would fail
And you, O Reader, would turn pale
If I should tell the horrid tale,
How I tried to stop the maeow-waow!)

I struck so quick he never knew
But kept on singing maeow-waow.
So when his soul to Hades flew
It raised so great a hullabaloo,
That Tabby Charon was scared blue
To hear the maeow, maeow, maeow-waow.

Old Charon turned in fright to row,
Escaping from the maeow-waow,
Then kitty left that world below
To try avoid eternal woe
By getting killed again more slow-
Ly while he sang his maeow-waow.

Nine times he wandered there and here
Singing maeow, maeow, maeow-waow,
Till at last old Charon lost his fear,
And rowed him o'er—but yet, I hear,
He still flees eight times when his ear
Hears a ghost sing maeow, maeow-waow.

ELMER ADAMS

Precision

One night, while I was sleeping,
I dreamed a funny dream,
Precision was the hero,
His wife, the heroine.

Their home was in the backwoods,
The road, an only path,
To seek it, in the daylight,
Would cause to rise, one's wrath.

Deep in the tangled wildwood
O'er rocks and boulders high,
With trees so tall about it
One could not see the sky.

Along this rugged pathway
The weary pilgrims go,
The few, that find Precision,
Reap more than what they sow.

He rewards them with the gift
To say just what they mean:
His wife puts in the beauty
And makes the "finished theme."

In the midst of all my dreaming,
A voice fell on my ear
It whispered, "Listen, hearken,
To what you now will hear."

"Now, seeker, take this warning,
To find him and his Frau.
Don't ever get discouraged
But go and seek him now."

J. ROSCOE McINTOSH

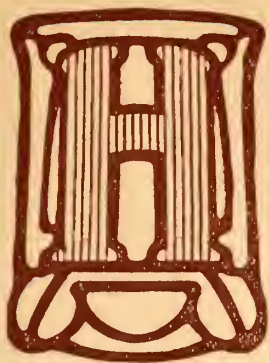


Twinkle, twinkle football star,
We wonder what you think you are,
Up above the world so high
In the vision of your eye.

A is the letter that stands for Ayres,
He's a guy without any cares;
His sleepy smile can always be seen,
And he looks very much like a "freshey" green.



A Toast



HERE'S success to you, Mr. McComb,
In the year of nineteen four,
May you teach us Themes with a helping hand
Even more than ever before.

Teach us about Dame Nature,
The birds, the grass and bees,
Tell us about the little brook
That wound beneath the trees.

Why has that stream stopped winding
Beneath the trees and hedge,
But silently goes its little way
'Neath the Union Station's sheds?

Oh! tell us why its color
Has changed from white to brown,
It used to be so clear and bright
Before the coal "struck town."

Another thing we wish to know,
Pray tell us in words complete,
Why cars have just four-sided wheels
On North Alabama Street.

Still another question puzzles us,
The answer we've never found,
Why, when we have no gas at all
They send the bills around.

Now last of all, this question—
How do you succeed to munch
The dreadful deathlike contents
Of an old, stale Taggart lunch?

Again I say—here's success to you
In the year of nineteen four,
May all of us profit by your work
Even more than ever before.

STANLEY TURNER



An Old Trick

IT WAS the first day of April and it was, as the group of habitués of Anglemire's grocery and general store observed, a rather bad day out. It was cold and disagreeable, so disagreeable, in fact, that one of the village oracles wondered why Abe Sanders, across the street, should be sawing hemlock wood in such bad weather. As no one could give a plausible reason for Abe's unwonted display of energy, the oracle resumed his occupation of carving odd designs in the cracker barrel on which he was seated.

This ancient wiseacre was, in the eyes and admiration of the village youth, something of an expert in the line of handling a knife and was, in a way, regarded by himself and others as the village surgeon. He possessed a local reputation as a veterinary, having at one time visited an institution of that character in Cincinnati. As a result, he honestly considered it his duty to give advice and services on all ailments, from croup and stone-bruises to lockjaw and general debility.

The blacksmith and Crozier's hired man had nearly finished a game of checkers and the Ginder boy was just getting the ring off the latest puzzle, when Abe Sanders hurriedly entered the store, holding his left hand tightly in his right and showing evidence of great pain. Upon the storekeeper's inquiry as to what was the matter, Abe exclaimed, "Get hold of that sliver if you can," at the same time holding out his hand. The would-be surgeon, leaving his unfinished design,



B is the letter that stands for fame
Whenever attached to "Bohny's" name;
In Basketball a winner was he
In Baseball, too, he is sure to be.

was off his seat in a second, and opening another blade of his knife, put on his glasses and proceeded to go after the offending sliver.

The said sliver had succeeded in locating itself in the thick of the flesh at the base of the thumb and there resisted all attempts at removal. After much exertion on the part of the surgeon and many curses on the part of the patient, the former succeeded in at last getting the end of the sliver between his thumbnail and the point of the knife-blade. With an exultant professional air he proceeded to withdraw the cause of the trouble, but shouts of derision and laughter accompanied his surprise as the sliver proved to be a broom-straw at least seven inches in length.

It was an old trick. The thick skin of the thumb had simply been raised with a needle and the straw inserted from behind and concealed beneath the sleeve. The oracle stood disconcerted until "old man Phipps" happened to mention that it was April first, whereupon he passed silently out of the store with all the dignity of his self-acquired profession.

CARL BROWNE



An Ideal School



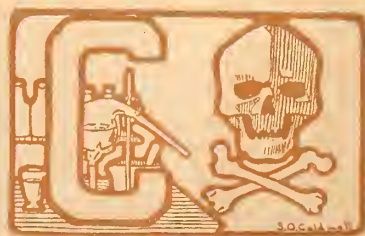
ON THE summit of a rising knoll, which has been laughingly called the "Hill of Science," there stands at the present day a small, red, frame school-house with the whitest of shutters and with surroundings such as Nature alone is able to produce. Let us notice for a moment a few of the many beauties that may be seen at a glance from the windows. Here at one side is a copse of fir, where, even now, the merry song of the thrush, as she busily lines her nest, is heard mingling with the noisy scoldings of the jay not far away. Farther on, the copse grows thicker and thicker until, at length, it serves as a shelter for sheep. From the opposite window, an apple orchard, the trees gnarled and twisted with age, stretches away until it meets, at the back of the school-house, the edge of a deep ravine overlooking a fertile, rolling valley. A clear, mountain stream winds through the orchard to the gorge where it rushes on pell-mell, pausing at the bottom just long enough to form a delightful swimming hole.

Here, away from factory smoke and the hurly-burly of city life, with nothing to disturb them but the singing of the birds, the gurgling of the brook or the distant lowing of grazing cattle, are gathered together some forty or fifty rosy-cheeked lassies and tall sun-burned lads, as fresh and simple in their dress and manner of living as their surroundings would indicate. Every morning, with faces bright and shining, they walk to school, sometimes three or four miles, carrying their books in a large calico bag which is stretched to its utmost wherever there is a slate or geography. An intelligent young woman, who reigns as queen of this dominion, calls the school to order with a short Testament reading. Hardly has she finished before several bright little youngsters ask permission to go outside and study. Great is my astonishment, however, when the teacher, with a pleasant smile, grants their request, for who could imagine such privileges in a modern school? Once outside, they scatter, some to the shade of a group of firs, others to the rocks in the ravines. There in intimate companionship with the birds and wild flowers, the rocks, pastures and trees, they learn their geography, solve intricate problems and con their English reader.

Thus they are taught, day after day, with all their glorious out-of-door opportunities. This, to me, is a most ideal school, and transcends all modern improvements which the city can afford.

LOUISE SHERMAN

C, the letter, for Chemistry stands.
Be careful in mixing your acids though
For if you don't, you may give us a chance
To shed at your funeral H₂O.



A Tropical Storm

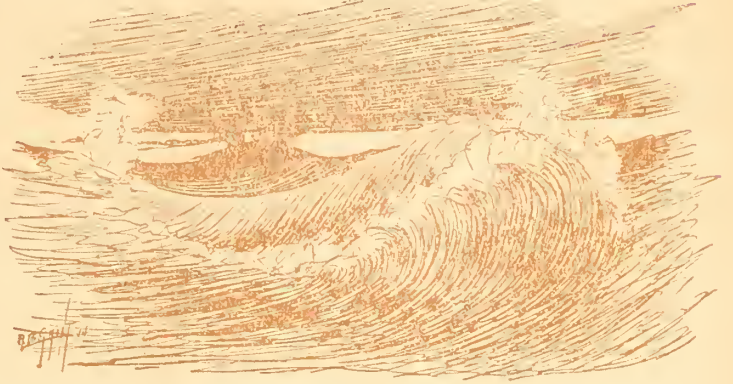
FEW PEOPLE can imagine how quickly a tropical storm may come, nor do they comprehend with what force it is occasioned. The ordinary storms of this section of the country are as but the report of a rifle to that of a cannon in comparison. It was my good luck to be able to witness one of these terrible storms from the deck of a steamer en route from Tampa to Havana. About five in the afternoon, just as we had sighted Key West, fifteen miles away, the steward, a very small personage with a regular Kaiser mustache, his coat bedecked with brass buttons, and his cap pulled well down over his slick hair, came on deck, sniffed the air for a moment, pulled his mustache, and said in a very high pitched voice, "Hm, smells a good deal like a storm." Then he turned to a passenger, and began a tale of shipwreck and drowning, which soon interested all those on that part of the deck. He told a second tale, and a third, but the fourth was cut short in the beginning by a terrific clap of thunder, and a swish of wind blew the first drops of rain upon the listeners.

The storm had begun. No one had seen the small cloud over the starboard side. Instantly the sea was in a fury. The crests of the waves were cut off by the wind as if by a knife. Soon the deck was drenched with water so that those on deck were compelled to seek shelter in the cabin; indeed it was well they did so, for the ship was rolled and tossed like a cork, putting one standing on deck in great danger of being washed overboard.

We were aided by one fact, however. The captain was an old timer and he realized the utter folly of attempting to cross the bar after dark in the storm. He very wisely stayed well out in deep water, keeping his bearings by the flickering light at the harbor entrance. The storm abated about twelve, but the sea was still too rough to even think of crossing the bar, and it was not till six in the morning that the ship was finally steered over to safety.

Many of the passengers went to bed that night, trusting in the captain, the crew and the ship. Others huddled in the cabin, dressed, expecting every moment to see the ship go to pieces, and ready to jump to the life boats, which would have been swamped almost instantly had they done so. Their fears were set at rest in the morning and all went on deck again, among them the terrified steward, very white, with all the curl gone from his mustache. His fourth tale was told.

LAWRENCE HITT



D is for failure
Which to evade we try,
For it means a calling down
From C. E. and—"Oh My!"



Track Team of 1903

THE TRACK TEAM of 1903 was one of the most successful teams in the history of the school. Training was necessarily begun early on account of the meet at Bloomington, which was held sometime before the dual meet with Shortridge. Many new men responded to the call for candidates, and as but few of the old men had returned, the team was largely chosen from inexperienced athletes. A few weeks of consistent work, however, served to change some of that untrained bunch into the best point winners of the year. The best and most consistent work of the team was done by Tad Shideler, the captain, and largely through his efforts was such great success attained.



The first meet of the year was held at Bloomington, under the auspices and direction of the Indiana University Athletic Association. Several schools took part in the contest, but our most dangerous rival proved to be the Bloomington High School. Coached by the best athletes of I. U. they expected a victory, but in this they were disappointed, for in a close contest we came out the winners. The most interesting event of the day was the one-half mile relay race, which was won by our men after a spirited contest.

Great credit is due Shideler for breaking two State records and winning the "all-around."

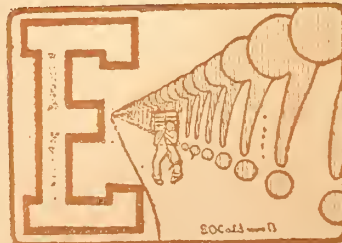
The next meet was held with Shortridge. A heavy rain had fallen during the early part of the afternoon and had left the field and track in a very bad condition. This meet was won easily by our team, and, although no records were broken because of the heavy mud, one at least was equalled—the four-hundred-and-forty-yard dash. The relay race here, as at Bloomington, was the most exciting event of the day. The race was won for our team through the remarkable work of Will Diddel and Alph Duggan, the last two runners.

Although the team of 1903 may be said to have contained but few "stars," nevertheless it was an evenly-balanced team and won its victories by hard, consistent work, and for this much praise is due.

Track Team Prospects of 1904

THE PROSPECTS for a winning track team in 1904 are very bright, if early enthusiasm and a large squad may be considered as harbingers of success. One of the main factors in producing this early interest was the opening up of the new gymnasium, with its fine running track. At once class teams were promoted and encouraged by Captain Duggan of the school team, and these began to practice daily, thus bringing out a great number of new boys who seem likely to make the regular team. Regular outdoor practice began April 23d at the Fair Grounds, and a squad of fifty reported. All of the positions appear to be taken care of in a promising manner, with the exception of the pole-vault and high jump, but these, in all probability, will be filled satisfactorily

E does stand for examinations,
Which we think are abominations,
Enough to wreck a nervous system,
But we're powerless, we can't resist 'em.



later on after more practice. The schedule of meets this year is certainly the best ever arranged for a Red and White track team, and under the able captaincy of Alph Duggan the team should win them all. Following is the

Schedule

May 7—Culver M. A., at Culver. Dual meet.
14—State meet, at Bloomington.
21—Purdue, at Lafayette. Interscholastic.
28—Shortridge, at Indianapolis. Dual meet.



Football, 1903

THE FOOTBALL season of 1903 began with excellent prospects for a very successful team. Six men of last year's team returned to school and reported for practice, together with one of the largest squads in the history of the school. For a few days the men practiced under the direction of Captain Saunderson, and showed a willingness that almost overcame their greatest obstacle,—a lack of weight. Soon, however, through the efforts of the faculty and the Athletic Association, Mr. Hence Orme, an old Indiana player, was secured to coach the men.



His efforts at first were centered in teaching the new men the principles of the game, and later team work was introduced as the candidates became familiar with his style of play. This was essentially Harvard style, and as the older players had formerly been coached by Yale methods, they were for awhile at a disadvantage in having to accustom themselves to the new system. Near the end of the season, as the game with Shortridge drew near, it became apparent to everyone that someone was needed to infuse some real football spirit into the players. Accordingly Mr. Fred Riebel, a member of the Purdue team, was secured by the "Microbes," a loyal club of M. T. H. S. Alumni, to assist Mr. Orme in rounding up the team for the annual game. During the last week of practice they also secured the services of "Long John"

Miller, formerly of Purdue and coach of Earlham College team, who aided materially in getting the boys into good shape. Great credit must be given the "Microbes" for their loyal efforts in making the team a success and for their hearty support at all times.

The season opened October 3 with Wabash College, and although we were defeated by the strongest team that ever represented that institution, it was manifest that we had the material from which an exceedingly strong team might be formed. Here at the very start, however, the team was irreparably crippled by the loss of Fortune, who sustained serious injuries while stopping the rushes of the heavy collegians, that caused him to remain out of the game for the rest of the season. In the next game with the Logansport High School, a feeling of overconfidence was responsible for the failure to rally after our opponents had surprised us by scoring the first goal. The week



F is the letter that represents
The fool who sits upon the fence
For five long months, just waiting to see
"What in the world" his marks will be.

following was characterized by determined practice, and, as a consequence, we were able to defeat the strong Sheridan High School team, and thus score our first victory of the season. Our offense in this game was excellent, but our defense, while brilliant at times, lacked the consistency that would have made the score decisive. The remaining games were devoid of any great interest as far as victorious scores may count, with the exception of the Covington game, where, after we had won by superior playing, the crowd interfered, and after wrangling until darkness intervened, we were awarded the game by default. Of the last game with Shortridge, little need be said, save that we were beaten by the best team that ever represented that school. Although the score was overwhelming, it does not tell the story of our boys' determined resistance or of how they fought stubbornly over every inch of ground in the face of a constantly growing defeat.

The most praiseworthy work of the team was its offensive play, which, though erratic at times, could generally be depended upon for steady gains. Owing to the speed of the backs and the ends, open play was used more freely than in former years and some of our best gains resulted from end runs, headed by strong interference. In the kicking department we were superior to our opponents, both Murr and Shideler doing excellent work. Our line, however, was not up to the standard of former years and this, with the lack of efficient team work, was responsible for our lack of success. The team did not lack in good individual players, as was shown by the work of the two Shideler, Duggan, Dow, Murr, Saunderson, and Bonham.



Roster for 1903

- Coaches : Orme, Riebel, and Miller.
 Captain : Jason Saunderson.
 Manager : Russel Fortune.
- | | | | |
|----------------------|--|----------------|-------------------|
| Left End : | Hollie Shideler. | Right End : | Frank Bonham. |
| Left Tackle : | Earle West. | Right Tackle : | Jason Saunderson. |
| Left Guard : | Walker DeHaven. | Right Guard : | Ferd Murr. |
| Center : | Will Rhodes. | Quarter Back : | Tad Shideler. |
| | Left Half Back : | Alph Duggan. | |
| | Right Half Back : | Jamie Dow. | |
| | Full Back : | James Quinn. | |
| Substitute Backs : | Turner, Cullen, Robinson, Sweeney, and Diddel. | | |
| Substitute Linemen : | Krug, King, Magill, Spencer, and Shiel. | | |



Schedule of Games

			OPP.	M.T.H.S.
October	3.	Wabash	at Crawfordsville	21 0
October	10.	Logansport High School . .	at Logansport	11 6
October	17.	Sheridan High School . . .	at Sheridan	0 2
October	24.	Covington High School . . .	at Covington	0 6
October	31.	Louisville Male High School	at Louisville	6 0
November	11.	C. C. P. and S.	at Indianapolis	11 0
November	15.	Louisville M. T. H. S. . . .	at Indianapolis	15 0
November	26.	Shortridge	at Indianapolis	51 0
Total				115 15

Second Football Team of 1903

This year's scrub team, under the captaincy of Albert Krug and management of Otto Krauss, has been a most successful one from all points of view. Following out their schedule, they defeated all the teams but one, and enjoyed several pleasant trips. Besides this the members played together well and were able at times to out-play the first team in practice. The members generally were: Krug, captain; Goebel, Fox, Babel, Shiel, Spencer, Sutherland, Vanlandingham, Turner, Quinn, Uhl, Gray, DeHaven, and Hill.

G is for Gallagher.
 A saint most divine,
 Who came from the land of
 "Die Wacht an dem Rhein."



The following games were played :

		OPP.	M.T.H.S.
Carmel High School	at Carmel	48	5
Plainfield Academy	at Plainfield	5	11
Shelbyville High School . .	at Shelbyville	5	11
North Salem High School . .	at North Salem . .	11	11
Total		69	38

Prospects for 1904

The prospects for a winning team in 1904 are not quite so bright as those of our opponents, owing to the graduation of the majority of this year's players. The places of Saunderson, Tad Shideler, Duggan, West, Murr, Dow, Bonham, King, Quinn, and DeHaven will be hard to fill, but nevertheless, with the members of the first and second teams who will return next term, there should be a nucleus about which a good team can be built. Russel Fortune, last year's star tackle, was chosen captain, and with him will return Hollie Shideler, Cullen, Shiel, Spencer, Rhoads, and those who were on the scrub team, besides much promising new material. So success to the football team of '04 !



Basketball, 1903-'04

OUR BASKETBALL team of 1903-'04 deserves the credit for being one of the most successful and well-balanced teams that ever represented the Red and White. Certainly no team has ever displayed the team-work and steady-playing qualities that Captain Bohnstadt's quintet has shown. Assisted only by a graduate coach, and that but for a few weeks, the boys played a long, hard schedule of games. Although they were defeated in the last game with Shortridge by a close margin, they were, on the whole, eminently successful and are entitled to the High School championship of Indiana and Ohio. Besides this, they came out a close second in the city league series, and so won a silver trophy cup.



The first call for candidates was issued immediately following the close of the football season. About twenty-five boys responded. After a short time the squad was reduced to twelve and remained that throughout the season with but few changes. Besides Bohnstadt, Ayres, Spohr, Diddel, and Gaston, of last year's team, there was an especially promising bunch of second-team players, comprised of Rominger, White, Cook, Guedel, Sahm, Cullen, Thomas, and Rhodes. This squad soon resolved itself into two strong teams, whose members practiced hard to make the coveted positions on the regular team, coached by Hiram Raffensberger and Mark Dennis.

On December 11th a quintet composed of Ayers and Cook, forwards, Bohnstadt, center, and Spohr and Guedel, guards, played the strong Crawfordsville Business College team at that place, and were defeated by the score of 28 to 17. Although not a victory, the result was very encouraging and the disappointment was quickly forgotten in the victory over Butler on the following night.



H is for Hookey,
A game we all play,
Especially in Springtime
About "circus" day.

With such a start, their confidence and team-work improved so rapidly that on December 19th they were able to surprise a large and enthusiastic audience, as well as the Y. M. C. A. team itself, by defeating that aggregation by the score of 24 to 23, without the handicap of the ten points. This was the most exciting and best played game of the season. The victory over Shortridge on the following Friday was well earned, but it did not exhibit the playing abilities of either team, owing to the increased floor space, with no outside bounds. Exhausted as they were from this nerve-racking game, the boys played the strong Purdue team at Lafayette on the next night, and, with Bohnstadt and Guedel, the stars of the night before, out of the game, held the collegians down to 26 to 13. About this time Gaston was compelled to drop out for the rest of the season on account of sickness, and Guedel, likewise, had to drop out because of injuries received in the Purdue game, his place being filled by Sahm. The next game was a decisive victory over Butler by 29 to 17. However in the next game with the greatly improved Y. M. C. A. team, our boys lost by the close score of 26 to 24, with two minutes overtime necessary to decide the victory. On January 11th we were defeated by the Shortridge team by the score of 25 to 19, but, considering the fact that they had engaged a professional coach for this one game, it is a fitting testimonial to our boys' steady and at all times well-earned success without the aid of a hired coach. As a grand and fitting finale to the season, the team defeated the highly reputed Piqua team, which claimed the High School championship of Ohio, by the overwhelming score of 42 to 26, and later defeated the Louisville Male High School by 26 to 1.

Taking the team as a whole, it has been remarkably successful, and has held together throughout the season in a way that has been very gratifying. Bohnstadt was the star and mainstay. He was closely seconded by Ayers, Spohr, and Diddel. These played a steady game throughout the entire season, and were responsible for most of the team-work that figured so strongly in our success. The others played well, too, and the credit must be shared by the whole squad.

Roster for 1903-'04

Captain: Louis Bohnstadt.
 Manager: Tad Shideler.
 Coach: Hiram Raffensberger
 Forwards: Joseph Spohr, Frank Ayres, Edw. Cook.
 Center: Louis Bohnstadt.
 Guards: Will Diddel, Frank Gaston, Walter Guedel, Roy Sahm.

Schedule

			OPP.	M.T.H.S.
December	11.	Crawfordsville B. C.	There	28 17
	12.	Butler	Here	22 23
	19.	Y. M. C. A.	Here	23 34
January	8.	Shortridge	Here	21 25
	9.	Purdue	There	26 13
	16.	Butler	Here	17 29
	23.	Y. M. C. A.	Here	26 24
	27.	Shortridge	Here	25 19
February	6.	Piqua	Here	26 42
	8.	Butler	There	20 40
	17.	Butler	There	29 48
March	6.	Louisville M. H. S.	Here	1 26
Total			264	340

The Second Team

The success of the first team was due in a great measure to the strong, steady practice which it received with the second team. It was generally composed of Capt. Rominger, Cook, Guedel, White, Thomas, Cullen, and West. Besides frequently outplaying the first team, they also defeated a fraternity team, at Columbus, composed of the best players in that place, by a score of 37 to 19. Those returning next year will be Cook, Cullen, Brandt, Slack, Coughlin, Nutt, and Rhodes, from whom the material for a good team can be selected.

I stands for something we all will agree,
 That isn't a distant relation of "me,"
 For that something alone we are certain to be
 Until we've decided to change "I" to "we."



Baseball Prospects, 1904

THE BASEBALL season for 1904 opened up with a large number of eager candidates, all ready to get into the coveted uniforms. The weather, however, interfered so that but a few days' practice was obtained in which to try out the candidates before the selection for the first game. Accordingly those known to have had the most experience were selected, and the team, with possibly a few changes, will remain the same throughout the rest of the season. In their first game with Purdue, the boys played remarkably well and held the strong collegians to an 8 to 1 score, shutting out the Gold and Black for the first five innings. Bohnstadt was in great form, and should, in all probability, surpass his record of last year. At a practice game they defeated the Butler team, 7 to 3, Cullen succeeding Bohlen behind the bat, the latter badly splitting a finger in catching a foul tip. On April 23d they defeated the Indiana State Normal, 13 to 4, which is decisive enough to warrant the prediction of a championship team. The infield is already doing some fast, clever work, and the batters are getting their eyes on the ball in a way that is very gratifying. This year the team receives new uniforms, and with such a combined good-appearing and good-playing team, there should be no trouble in winning the rest of the games on the schedule.



Roster

(At Beginning of Season)

Captain: Louis Bohnstadt.

Manager: Mr. Abbott.

Mascot: "Hank."

Infield: Clarence Sweeney, Fred Schmidt, Bernard Robinson, Frank Ayres, and Carl Buddenbaum.

Outfield: Will Diddel, Joe McCrea, Jesse Gray.

Battery: Louis Bohnstadt, August Bohlen, and Jack Cullen.

Schedule, 1904

			OPP.	M.T.H.S.
April 16.	Purdue	at Lafayette	8	1
April 23.	Indiana State Normal .	at Terre Haute	4	13
April 30.	Wabash	at Crawfordsville		
May 7.	Louisville High School	at Louisville		
May 14.	Indiana State Normal .	at Indianapolis		
May 21.	Louisville High School	at Indianapolis		
May 28.	Shortridge	at Indianapolis		

Second Baseball Team

The prospects for a good second baseball nine this year are very bright. Already one game — with the Franklin High School, 13 to 5 — has been won, and encouraged by this, together with a prospect of several other out-of-town games, quite a number of candidates have come out, and a strong team is assured. Another inducement is the fact that its members receive the first team's old uniforms, and this is very tempting, indeed. Cecil Wilson was chosen captain and Ray Fox manager. The present members are: Wilson, Gilleland, Adams, Cook, Meyer, Westover, Niebergall, Ostermeyer, Avery, Elton, and Sutherland.

The Frenzel Memorial

MR. OTTO FRENZEL, in memory of his son, Paul, presented to the board of school commissioners the sum of one thousand dollars, the income from which is to be used for Manual Training High School athletics, or in any other way the school may deem best. The school wishes to express again its appreciation of this generous gift.



J stands for Junior wise.
To imitate the Senior he tries—
Ah, little Junior, be careful, or you
Will get into trouble, as the Seniors do.



FOOT BALL TEAM



TRACK TEAM

K stands for Krauss, so good,
Who always does just as he should,
And that's the reason, people say
He's a boy that is O. K.



SCHOOLS ORGANIZATIONS

The Class of January '06

IN THE month of February, 1902, M. T. H. S. was invaded by a band of about four hundred and fifty pupils, just from the grammar schools. They were a bright, verdant green, and for a few days furnished amusement for the whole school. However, being courteously instructed in the manner of high school life by both pupils and teachers, they soon dropped into obscurity, and for two years they remained out of the public eye and thought. During this time they were working hard and faithfully, making good marks and steadily ascending the ladder of grades.

Suddenly they were again made prominent. In February, 1904, the Senior class wished to deliver the management of the school paper, the Mirror, to another class. They had not searched the school long for a class capable and worthy of the control of the Mirror, before they discovered the class of January '06, an unassuming, intelligent lot of students, and quickly presented the paper to them. The latter held a meeting, and with a display of keen business ability, elected temporary class officers, accepted the Mirror, chose a board of editors and soon began to issue it. This is the youngest class that ever attempted to publish the school paper, but under their control the Mirror has been larger and more successful, especially from a financial standpoint, than ever before.

After the paper was in running order the class chose the following permanent class officers: Horace Nordyke, President; Fred Wellman, Vice-President; Walter Shiel, Secretary-Treasurer, and also decided upon the class pin and colors.

Several clubs, fraternities, and sororities exist in their ranks. The class members are taking an active part in the school's athletics. Many of the best girl bowlers wear the '06 colors, and the boys form one of the chief dependencies of the school for next year's various athletic teams.

Great plans are being laid for the remaining year and a half at high school, and with such a beginning there is no reason why there should not be found, among the most prominent classes that have graduated from the Manual Training High School, the name of that industrious band of students, the class of '06.

The Class of June '05

IN OCTOBER, 1904, the June '05 Class organized, fully determined to distinguish itself and be one of the pleasant memories connected with the history of our school. This determination was shown by the members of the V. V. Sorority, who, after the sacrifice of much time and work in making pennants, sold them and gave the proceeds to Mr. Emmerich, to be used for the orchestra.

In the many school organizations this class has been well represented, several of the members appearing in the track, football, baseball teams and also in both boys' and girls' bowling leagues. The orchestra and Senate, too, have members of this class on their rolls.

We are just now too near organization and too far from graduation to have had many class entertainments, but the social side has not been neglected, as several clubs, sororities, and fraternities have enlivened this term by their many festivities, the girls starting with the Vivantes Vierges, the Colleens of Innisfail, followed by the boys in the Mikados.

Those who are members of this class may be known by the attractive pins they are now wearing. They are simply gold pins, enameled in cardinal (the class color), with just the letters M. June, 05 engraved on them. The members may also be known by their serious air, the determination of those who have high ideals and realize the struggle that must be made to attain them, for they fully believe in their class motto, "No Excellency Without Labor."



L stands for Lunches—Taggart's -O My!
How our mouths water when we think of the pie,
Of the baked beans, and the devils-food cake
That tastes just like that "Ma used to make."

The January '05 Class

THE January '05 Class made its appearance in February, 1903. Russel Fortune was chosen to be the Presiding Officer; Julia Winterrowd, Vice-President; Don Lindley, Treasurer; and Will Hart, Secretary. The organization was perfected during that term and in October, Don Lindley was made President; John Cullen, Vice-President; Clarence Alig, Treasurer; and Louis Bonar, Secretary. Class parties were given during the winter by Nell Cox and Clarence Alig. The class has chosen their class day "performers" as follows: Will Hart, prophet; Nell Cox, poet; and Arthur Eldrige, historian.

January '05 is prominent in both literature and athletics. All student officers of the Athletic Association are members of this class. Football "stars": Captain Fortune, Shideler, Cullen and Sutherland. Baseball "manipulators": Lindley, Gray, Wilson, Cullen. Track, tennis and golf "artists": Laycock, Alig, Shideler, Cullen.

The class has five fraternal organizations: Minnehahas, Dandys, Laconian Maids, Bashi Bazouks and the Zi Kis of Tango.

Representatives of January '05 can be seen in the Senate, Shakespeare, Club, Orchestra, Mandolin Club, and on the Mirror staff.

The Class of June '04

WELL may the innocent Freshman, the inexperienced Sophs, and the would-like-to-be-prominent Juniors pause in awe and admiration of the one hundred members of the June '04 Class. For every one of that honorable one hundred and five have struggled forward "thro' long days of labor and nights devoid of ease," and now stand forth in the very front ranks, examples to all lowly classmen of everything that is to be praised and admired in Seniors.

In September, 1902, this class organized and now for two years they have experienced the activities of successful class life. The prominent members of the athletic teams, the literary societies, and of all the school organizations, wear the blue pins of "June '04." They issued the Mirror successfully for one year, and on passing it to the January '06 Class had the satisfaction of knowing that it could not be improved on. The clubs, sororities, and fraternities of this class have been a credit to the class and school. All the plans, whether social or business, undertaken by this class, have been carried out with success. The students banded together have shared all the troubles and trials of a large class, also the many pleasures. Good spirits and good times have filled the new Senior quarters on the third floor of the new addition, at all hours of the day, and every privilege has been enjoyed.

Now, on the eve of graduation, having completed four years of high school life, the class does not realize its triumphs without deep regret at parting. Now all the troubles and hardships and scoldings are forgotten, and the members do not pass down the stairs and corridors and into the recitation rooms these last few times without a lingering, longing glance at the familiar scenes.

A hundred and five pupils, with a hundred and five diplomas in their hands, the June '04's bid farewell to their high school days, with best wishes to all the pupils and teachers of the school.

The Shakespeare Club

THE M. T. H. S. Shakespeare Club was organized December, 1903. The organization was effected, chiefly, through the efforts of the members of the January '04 Class. From this class and that of the June '04, the society took its members. Literary tendencies were early developed in the June '04 Class and this society gave it an opportunity to read and study the Shakespearian masterpieces.

The meetings were held every two weeks, on Wednesday afternoon, and were under the supervision of Miss Foy. All formality was discarded, a close bond of friendship existed between members, and perfect harmony prevailed.

The society accomplished a great deal during its short life, and its beneficial results will, no doubt, be far reaching. The happy, sympathetic little crowd was too soon broken in upon by the many demands on the time of the Seniors. On April 27, 1904, the Shakespeare Club adjourned. How fondly will be cherished the memories of this organization. May the good work begun act as a stimulant to the further study of Shakespearian classics.

M is the letter that stands for Moore.
"Would it be asking too much of you
To read forty pages of Bobby Burns,
And study Ben Jonson through?"



Fraternities, Sororities, and Clubs

NAME	No. of Mem.	CLASS	DATE OF ORGANI- ZATION	COLORS	HONORARY MEMBERS	PRESIDENTS
Ran Cheros	16	Jan. '04	Oct. '02	Old Gold and Black	Miss Foy	Harley Rhodehamel
Oski Wows	10	Jan. '04	Dec. '02	Purple and White	Miss Foy	Tom Crawford
Z. Z. Z.	7	Jan. '04	Nov. '02	Yellow and White	Miss Foy	Edith Ryan
Colonial Maids	5	Jan. '04	Oct. '02	Red, White and Blue	Miss Foy	Elsie Kopp
Senoritas	6	Jan. '04	Oct. '02	Red and Yellow		Inez Foley
Manchus	14	June '04	Jan. '03	Red and Yellow	Mrs. DeBruler Miss Wentz Mr. Weir	Ferd Murr
Raza Mataz	7	June '04	Sept. '03	Green and White	Mr. Bronson	Arthur Berger
Tribunes	8	June '04	Mch. '03	Crimson	Miss Wentz	Allan Burke
Toreadors	11	June '04 June '05	Oct. '03	Green and White		Harry Wheeler
Tredecimmites	13	June '04	Nov. '02	Yellow and Brown	Mrs. DeBruler	Cornelia Gekeler
Walküren	10	June '04	Jan. '03	Green and Violet	Miss Wentz	Eda Steeg
O. G. T	7	June '04	June '03	Blue and Gold	Miss Foy	Stella Doeppers
Zi Kis	6	Jan. '05	Dec. '03	Green and Black	Miss Foy	Clifford Harrod
Bashi Bazouks	10	Jan. '05	May '03	Black and Red	Mr. Abbott	Hollie Shideler
Minnehahas	12	Jan. '05	Feb. '03	Red and Green	Miss Wentz	Mellie Gaunt
D. A. N. D. Y. S . . .	8	Jan. '05	Sept. '03	Blue	Miss Foy	Margarette Brannon
Laconian Maids . . .	30	Jan. '05	Nov. '03	Red and Brown	Miss Foy	Louise Bonar
Mikados	9	June '05	Oct. '03	Maroon and White	Mr. Yule	Sol Sternberger
Colleens of Innisfail .	7	June '05	Nov. '03	Green	Mrs. DeBruler	Ada Morrow
Vivantes Vierges . . .	6	June '05	Oct. '03	Green and Gold	Miss Donnan	Helen Smith
Aztecs	12	Jan. '06	Oct. '03	Green		Horace Nordyke
Phi Delta Nu Alpha Chapter	12	Not Limited	Nov. '02	Gold and White	Mrs. DeBruler	Lucy Bauer
Phi Delta Nu Alpha Beta Chapter	7	Not Limited	Mch. '03	Gold and White	Mrs. DeBruler	Lucy Bauer



N is the letter that stands for noise,
Not the kind known all the world o'er,
But the kind that the whole school annoys,
The noise of the noisy June '04.

The Orchestra



THE MOST popular organization in the school is the orchestra. In former years the students were always anxious for the weekly recreation hour to be a morning period, for then they were sure to hear the orchestra. Now, however, we have so many musicians in school that outside help is no longer required, and the orchestra frequently plays during an afternoon hour. The popularity of the orchestra has been shown outside the school in that it has been asked to play for the different teachers' conventions held in the city.

To Mr. Emmerich is due the maintenance of this organization, as he is leader. He buys music of such character as to elevate the taste for good musical productions. Rehearsals are held under his direction every Thursday afternoon. We have heard many expressions of praise from strangers, the chief one being that there is more harmony among the instruments of our orchestra, than is generally found in similar amateur organizations.

The members of the orchestra and their instruments are:

FIRST VIOLIN	CELLO	CLARINET
Harley Rhodehamel	Dean Craft	Virgil Nutt
Howard Clippenger		Ralph McClain
Louis Bruck	FLUTE	Monroe Moblet
Rudolph Jose	Walter Berner	
Albert Krug	BASS VIOL	TROMBONE
Osborne Sherman	Tom Ressler	Monroe Schreckengost
David Solomon		Delbert Wilmeth
SECOND VIOLIN	FIRST CORNET	DRUMS
John Kraft	Ben Schreckengost	Otis Arbuckle
Eugene Kellar	Frank Gaston	
Leigh Railsback	SECOND CORNET	PIANO
Leo Calahan	John Green	Miss Edna Clippenger
Vance Noel	Chas. Sluntrigge	
Ray Sweetman		
Harry Koss		
Harold Hill		

The Senate

THE PRESENT SENATE was organized early in the spring term of 1903 by some thirty or forty boys, principally members of the June '03, January '04, June '04, and January '05 classes.

Mr. Cooper, instructor in civics and history, was chosen sponsor, and under his efficient direction the body thrived. Many good bills were discussed, and many hot contests resulted. After a pleasant session, lasting almost to the close of school, the Senators adjourned their work until the fall term.

In the third or fourth week of school last semester, the upper house again convened, and, although the membership had been lessened by the absence of the June '03 boys, their places were soon filled by enthusiasts from the lower classes. A number of girls also joined, but did nothing but sit silently and listen to their sterner brothers discuss women's rights, etc., and also receive gracefully the various offices, generally secretary and vice-president, offered them. Interest and enthusiasm finally culminated in the ever-memorable trial, which was held by Senators in the interest of the Senate. New members flocked in until over fifty names were enrolled and an active working body, thirty or forty strong, attended regularly.

At the end of that term Mr. Cooper, whose assistance and advice had been so valuable to the Senate, resigned from the faculty. Mr. Bacon, who took his place as teacher of civics and history, then became sponsor and critic to the Senate. Shortly after he became installed in his position with that organization, interest was revived to such an extent that the actual working and attending strength was increased to over fifty members, and the period of session had to be lengthened half an hour. So many bills were handed in, that discussion for each had to be limited to one day. In the midst of this growing popularity a reception was given in the gymnasium, which was very successful. The sessions finally grew so enthusiastically boisterous that questions of order and other points became so numerous as to make the life of the presiding officer anything but enviable. But all this had a good effect on the Senators. They became skilled in making prepared and extempore speeches, were benefited in points of delivery and became proficient in accomplishing the difficult feat of talking before a company. It was with reluctance that the law makers finally adjourned in May, after this most successful of sessions.

I. W. COTTON

O, as you'll guess, the office represents
Where "patients" go for many an offence,
And of this fact you may be assured
That after one visit they're always cured.



The Mirror

THE MIRROR, the bi-monthly publication of the M. T. H. S., is now being managed and edited by the members of the January '06 Class. It was turned over to their care last January by the June '04 Class, who had published it for one year. The January '06 members are the youngest students that have ever been entrusted with the Mirror. On account of the many things to be done by the Seniors, especially during their last term, there is little time left for them to publish a periodical every two weeks. For this reason it was decided by June '04 to start the scheme of always having the Mirror issued by the Juniors. It is hoped that their idea will be followed out.

It is needless to go over again the oft-repeated story of the founding of the Mirror and of its existence since that time. It ought to be said, however, that its influence is now felt by more people than ever before. This last statement is true because of the increased enrollment in our school, the increased number of Alumni, and consequently the enlargement of the subscription list.

The Mirror, through its Exchange Department, reaches every State of the Union. At present, there are about one hundred and fifty of the principal High Schools and Colleges of the country which exchange their respective papers for ours.

To the members of the various editorial and business staffs must be given great credit for issuing the school paper, and also to the censors for their work and the interest which they have manifested in its welfare. The June '04 Class especially thanks Mrs. DeBruler, Miss Donnan, Miss Hench, and Mr. McComb for their services as censors.

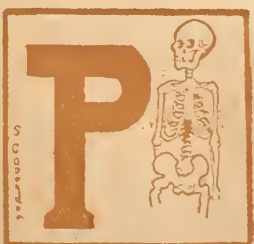


The Shakespeare Club

THE M. T. H. S. Shakespeare Club was organized December, 1903. Its organization was effected chiefly through the efforts of the members of the January '04 Class. From this class, and that of the June '04, the society had its enrollment. Literary tendencies were early developed in the June '04 Class and this society gave it an opportunity to read and study the Shakespearian master pieces.

The meetings were held every two weeks on Wednesday afternoon and were under the supervision of Miss Foy. All formality was discarded, a close bond of friendship existed between members and perfect harmony prevailed.

The society accomplished a great deal during its short life, and its beneficial results will, no doubt, be far reaching. The happy, sympathetic, little crowd was too soon broken in upon by the many demands on the time of the Seniors. On April 27, 1904, the Shakespeare Club adjourned. How fondly will be cherished the memories of this organization! May the good work begun act as a stimulant to the further study of Shakespearian classics.



P is the letter that stands for Phys'ology
Which Seniors take to get At+,
But soon they sing even B's doxology
And work like Turks to escape D's fuss,



AS STUDENTS of the Manual Training High School, we are proud, and justly so, of our distinctive feature, the shops. And not alone the pupils of the school, but the residents of the whole city, should feel gratified that such a well-equipped department for technical education exists so near at hand. The value of manual training in the school is known and appreciated by many people, but by none more than the students themselves. After a long and trying recitation in which all the mental faculties are brought into play, where the whole attention is concentrated on some abstruse question or problem until the mind shrinks back, weak and weary, from its task, there is nothing more restful than an hour's work in the shops. By this it is not implied that no headwork is required in manual training, that any person with the requisite amount of strength, and no mind at all, could become a skilled workman. In fact, just the opposite is true; quite as much knowledge, ingenuity and thinking ability are necessary as in the study of any other subject. But the shop differs from the class-room; in the latter it is the head alone which does the work, while in the former, the labor of the mind is well balanced by that of the hand.

On entering bench work or Woodworking I, the first duty of the beginner is to learn the names and uses of the various tools, which he does quickly, as most of them, such as hammers, saws and chisels, he is already familiar with. Raised seats, placed before an exhibition table, are provided at one end of the shop, and from these the student watches the explanation and starting of the first exercise. As he sees the white shavings curling from the plane under the teacher's hand, or the sharp chisel biting deep into the soft wood, he becomes impatient and eager to try it himself. Only a part of the exercise is shown at first, then the pupil is assigned a bench, given a piece of wood and told to start the exercise just shown him. After the first part is done, the class is called together by the instructor, told how to proceed, and again set to work. So it is with each exercise: the pupils are first shown how to commence, they put their knowledge into practice, come back for more instructions, and so on. The class is started together, but in a few weeks the natural ability of some of the boys begins to be shown, and they are allowed to do special work at times, in order to keep in touch with the rest of the class. Near the end of the term each boy makes what is known as a "project," a box, corner bracket, or other ornament for his own use.



After finishing bench work the student enters Turning, feeling a confidence that was lacking before, and attacks the work with vigor. Here for the first time he becomes acquainted with machines, and learns how to make cylinders, tool handles, and the like. Bench work is almost entirely manual, no mechanical appliances being used for such operations as planing and sawing, while turning is slightly more mechanical, since the rotary motion is given the wood by the machine and the boy's task is only to hold the tool on the rest in such a manner as to make the desired cut. But in turning, a steadier hand, a greater control of the muscles and a firmer grasp on the tool, so that its sharp point may not slip and injure the work, is required. Most of the term is taken up in making various exercises showing the use of tools, but in the last few weeks more elaborate work is begun.

The love of the artistic as well as the useful is stimulated in the making of polished cups, vases, and other beautiful and unique ornaments. Many of these are made of various kinds of wood, glued together, and show much originality, since each boy designs his own "project," as it is called, selects the wood and does the work. And so, during his first year of manual training, the boy has learned many useful facts, and though not a competent woodworker, has a fair knowledge of the tools and machines he has used.

After leaving the woodworking shop, the student is initiated into the mysteries of Forging. At first he is set to pounding leaden bars into round, square or hexagonal shapes, in order to become familiar with the motions and effects of different blows. Then he learns to build a fire properly, with burning coke from the instructor's forge, and to



Q stands for Qteness, a disease that appears Along in the last half of the four years. It's a fact that no one can dispute That the Seniors always try to be Qte.





bank the wet coal scientifically around the flame as he turns on the "blast." Afterward he watches the teacher show the class the method of making the first exercise, and, as the iron grows into shape under the instructor's hand, it seems simple and easy enough. But when the pupil, at his own forge, attempts that same exercise, it at first appears impossible to hammer the iron into the desired shape. Quickness of thought and action is an absolute necessity in forging. In the moment when the hammer is in the air, its wielder must determine where he shall strike his next blow. Not only must he determine

it quickly, but correctly, since one misdirected blow might spoil the effect of a dozen good ones. Then, too, the iron soon cools, and in the case of welding two pieces, two or three seconds will decide the result. But these necessities are soon learned by the pupils as they progress, making more and more difficult exercises, until near the end of the year, a jardiniere or umbrella stand is made by each student, and a section of wrought iron fence by the class. There is a peculiar charm about forging, which lies in the merry ringing of the anvil and the cheerful glowing of the fire, so that many leave with regret.

Pattern-making is next taken up, and here the patterns are made which are later used in the Foundry. The first few weeks are spent in the making of simple patterns, which, as far as the actual work is concerned, are only a review of knowledge gained before. However, a new factor is introduced in allowing for shrinkage of the iron after it is poured into the mold, and for the finishing of the casting. For convenience in the foundry many patterns are made in two parts easily separated, and held together by "dowels" or short wooden pins in one piece accurately fitted to small holes in the other. After a few of the simplest patterns have been made to illustrate the method, the more difficult designs are taken up. Each boy is assigned a pattern, which may be entirely different from that of his neighbor, and sometimes he is given a blue print and sometimes he must make his own drawing. But in either case the boy, with very little help from the instructor, must use all his ingenuity in finding a satisfactory way to make the pattern. This brings to the surface all the originality of thought and action of which the student is capable, since most of the patterns are an awkward shape, which cannot be finished by either lathe or bench work alone, but requires a very skillful intermingling and blending of the two. So, as a whole, pattern-making is a valuable subject, not so much for the manual labor as for the training in methods and ingenuity of construction.

In the foundry the student learns the use of an entirely new article, sand. Foundry differs from the other branches of manual training, since it has no fixed exercises made from blue prints, but only a large and varied assortment of patterns, which are distributed in such a way as to show the type forms in order, the simplest naturally coming first and the more difficult ones later. In this way each boy learns to mold many styles of patterns, which is a valuable help, since the shapes of patterns are nearly unlimited and no rigid rule for molding them can be made. During the first term no castings are made. The pupils make a mold, show it to the instructor, then destroy it and begin another. But in the second term, fresh from their experience in Foundry I, the boys are allowed to make molds, into which melted iron is poured, forming castings to be used in machine fitting. All the week before the "heat," as it is called, the boys are busy making molds, which are set out on the sand floor to await the Friday of the "run." The day before the event, the cupola, or furnace in which the iron is melted, is made ready, kindling placed inside and scrap iron piled close to the door. When the eager boys reach the shop the next afternoon, and quickly scatter to the positions previously assigned to them, the fire is already lighted, the iron in the cupola, and the blast roaring as it passes the flame. When through the small round holes made for the purpose it is seen that the iron is melting, a cone-shaped stopper of moist sand is placed in the opening in front of the cupola by means of a long rod. In a short time this stopper is dislodged by thrusting in a bar, and the molten metal flows out in a glowing stream, to be caught in the "ladle," which consists of a large bucket resting in a frame having two long, horizontal handles. When the bucket is full the opening is stopped as before, the handles of the ladle are seized and the iron is poured into mold after mold until the ladle is empty, when the process must be repeated. As soon as they harden, the castings are placed in a pile and are allowed to remain there until cool, which may not be for several days. When the last of the molten iron has been taken out, the roar of the blast dies away, and the hinged bottom of the cupola is dropped, showering hot coals upon the brick floor. Then water is turned on, and when the water, hissing and crackling, rises in a white cloud of steam, it is a signal that the heat is over.

In the last year of the high school course, Machine-fitting, which is entirely metal work having the least manual work of any shop subject, is taken up. On the lathe the work is driven by machinery, and even the cutting tools are not held by the boys, but are clamped on a sliding frame. By an automatic arrangement in the carriage the tool is made to move either parallel or perpendicular to the lathe bed by no more effort than turning on



R is the letter that stands for Rt.

Just study this if you want a start

Toward all that is great, and 'twill give you a clue

To Gibson's and Christy's successes, too.



the power. But since the work is so largely automatic a much finer cut can be taken, and, therefore, each piece can and must be made very accurately, sometimes as close as one-thousandth of an inch. In spite of this, however, there is a fascination in the busy hum and whir of the machinery and the steady movement of the tool as it cuts a long, curling shaving, leaving a smooth, bright surface behind.

Beside the lathes, there are several more complicated machines which are types of iron-working machines in every shop. In the first term, exercises are made as in the other departments, but in the second term, a speed lathe, the parts of which have been previously cast in the foundry, is made by the whole class, each boy being assigned a part. This lathe is placed the next year in the wood-working department, so that the equipment is constantly being added to by the pupils themselves. Then, too in the last term some of the boys make miniature steam engines, which call for considerable skill in the shaping of the minute parts, while other students find pleasure and profit in the construction of electric motors. The castings for the motors are bought of some automobile supply company and are handled entirely by the boys, with very little help from the instructor, until the parts are fitted together and the machine is ready to run.

A few months ago several important and beneficial changes were made in the shops. The wood-working department was completely remodeled and very much enlarged. Much new equipment was received, raising the capacity so that fully twice as many students can now be accommodated. Before the enlargement the shop classes were so large that they were either divided into sections, one of which was "laid off" while the other worked, or into two parts, which reported on alternate days. But now all is changed. The classes go regularly each day, and are amply provided for. Besides the extension of the woodworking shop the pattern-making department has been separated from the rest and placed in its own room. A new and much larger forge room has been built, which can accommodate at one time over fifty boys. New forges, tools and apparatus for blowing the blast upon the fire, make it an entirely new workshop. In the foundry the floor space has been enlarged by building into the south side a small room, to be used for storing flasks, iron and patterns, which before occupied space on the foundry floor. The machine-fitting room has not been enlarged, but four new lathes have been added, which greatly increases the capacity. The motive power of the shops has been changed from steam to electricity. An one-hundred kilo watt generator, driven by a more powerful engine than before, has been installed. The power generated is used to run the motors, one of which is placed in each department, and which, in turn, run the machinery.

But in spite of the extensive improvements and the new equipment, if the number of those wishing to take manual training increases as rapidly in the future as it has in the past, the shops will soon be crowded as before. When the original shops were built they were deemed ample, and more than ample, to handle the students who would select that course, but in a few years the classes became full, and later much overcrowded. As the city grows larger and larger and manual training becomes more and more popular, to meet the demands of the people, the shops must be either increased, which is hardly possible because of the limited space, or another school built. And so it goes on and on indefinitely, each addition making the shops finer, larger, more complete than before.

New Orleans

IN all ages the materialization of historical events is the result of the ideals of men. It is the stimulus of ambition and hope which makes the certainty of victory before the battle is fought. It is the sowing of the seeds of desire which makes the reaping inevitable. Because of the vision of the young Sieur de Bienville a city was founded in 1718, destined by the imaginings of its early inhabitants to become one of the most remarkable cities in the Union.

Since the acquisition of territory has tended to develop the spirit of representation and democracy, New Orleans is a city unique in a republican development of the country, situated, as it is, at the mouth of the river, the possibilities of which are limitless. In contrast to the conservative and provincial spirit of the East the fresh American type ever pushed on to the new and hardy territory; the vast forests of the West tempted the new settler and the undoubted richness of the Mississippi Valley made frontier life a necessity. Vast stretches of land to be peopled; territory to be occupied by the factor most expanding in American experience—I refer, of course, to the buoyancy and optimism of the Western life; a fertile soil to support a people coming to a consciousness of its own powers—these possibilities were in opposition to what remained in the country of European ascendancy.

Very early in the rise of this Southern city influences began to appear which were to bear the expression of the Western spirit. Trade acted as a nationalizing force; the agriculture of the immediate territory made class, tradition and experience impossible; in short, commerce was at once

S stands for Shideler—that's the name
Of a family of athletes of much fame.
For Manual's glory have tried four;
We only wish there were that many more.



the cause and the result of the untrammled vigor of the new life. It seemed as though the word were fulfilled, "Send forth thy gift and talent, and nature and Providence shall invest it securely, and give the talent back with interest and increase."

The main factor in the development of the new territory was the growth of tobacco, rice and indigo. In its early history the annual overflow of the river retarded agricultural enterprise; as land grants were made the town was laid out in squares, a levee was built, the streets drained by ditches, and American energy soon made itself felt in the realization of an active commerce. In the past the adjustment to a new environment produced a harmony of vision for the future; today New Orleans stands at the mouth of a valley whose rich soil has furnished a key to a treasure house of national wealth. It was not only the gladness, but the commercial possibilities of the New World, which Emerson's sensitive imagination reflected.

" Let the great world bustle on
With war and trade and camp and town,
A thousand men shall dig and eat;
At forge and furnace thousands sweat
And thousands sail the purple sea
And give or take the stroke of war,
Or crowd the market and bazar.
Oft shall war and peace return,
And cities rise where cities burn,
Ere any man my hill shall climb,
Which can turn the golden rhyme—"

It was the European spirit which moulded the new city; it was the social conservatism of an old regime which permeated its society. The buoyancy of American force and vigor met the old order of things and to-day the environment of this quaint place sums up in itself a spirit which savors both of the provincial and of the expansion of a mighty republic.

FRANCIS M. BACON

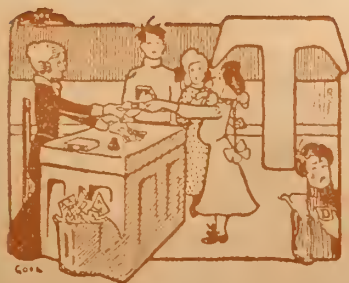


The School's Birthday

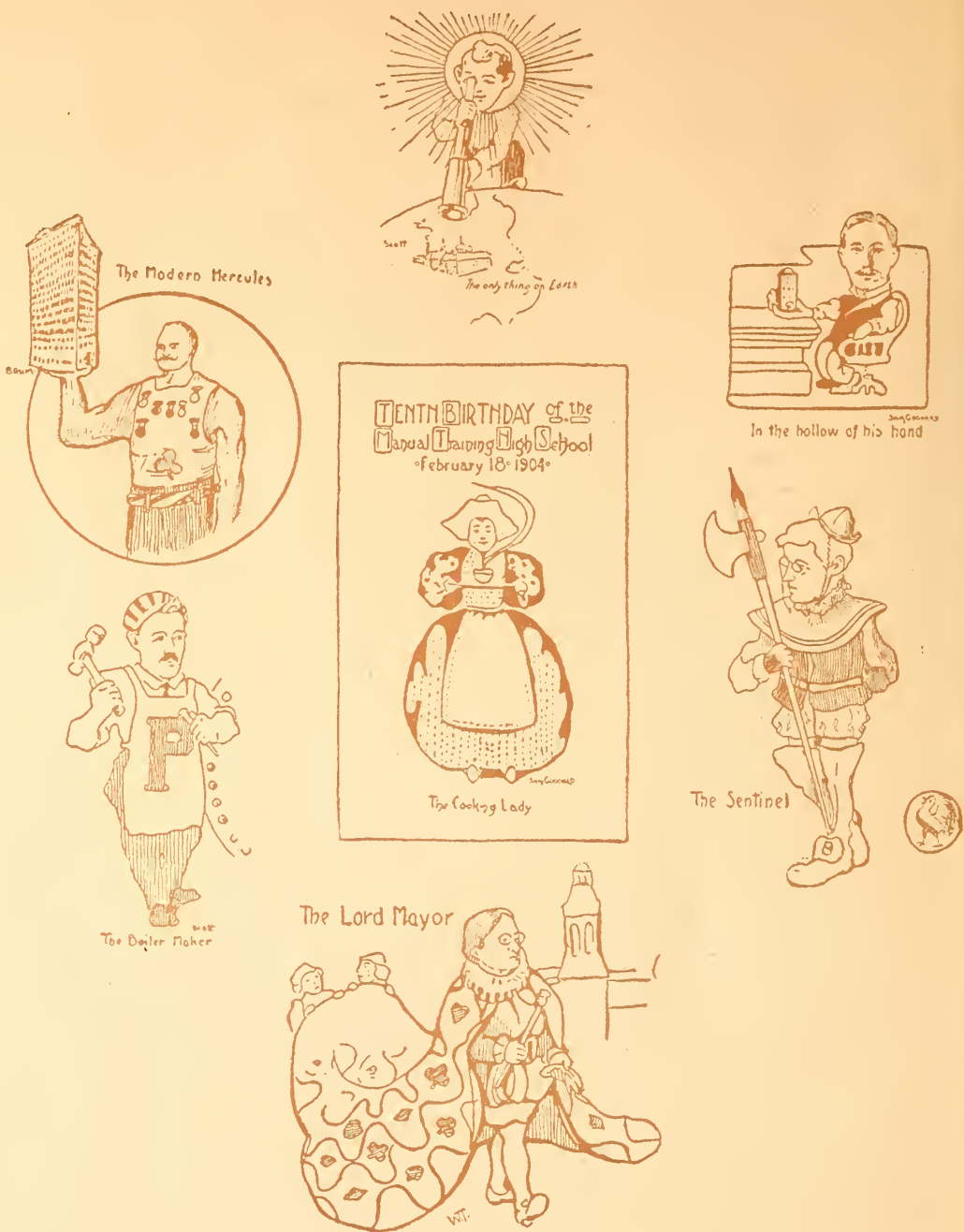
FEBRUARY EIGHTEENTH, the tenth anniversary of our school, seemed to bring to every pupil a holiday feeling, and a gladsome spirit prevailed throughout the whole school. Mr. Emmerich, in accordance with his usual plan, decided to hold exercises in the auditorium in honor of the day, and through his earnest efforts a very extensive program was arranged. Faculty and student body alike looked forward with great expectation, to the treat in store for them, nor were they disappointed, as, after the program had been completed, they joyously made their way to their session rooms, each one made wiser by some noble thought uttered by some one who had spoken during the morning.

The exercises were opened with music by the orchestra, followed by a talk by Mr. Emmerich, during which he read letters, from our alumni, away at the various colleges, expressing their pleasure at the successful completion of the ninth year of the school, and their sorrow at being unable to be present. After this talk by Mr. Emmerich, speeches, interspersed with music by the orchestra, were made by Mr. Kendall, Mr. Sweeney, Mayor Holtzman, and President Stone, of Purdue University. Many worthy words were spoken by these gentleman during the course of their remarks, and all united in bestowing the highest praise on our school. Each had a good word for Mr. Emmerich, placing him before all others, in bringing about the great success which our school has attained.

Besides those mentioned above, several other specially invited guests were present, to whom a dinner, prepared by the girls of the cooking classes, was given. This ended one of the most noteworthy days of our school.



T is for teacher
Whose victims say, "Gee!
She scatters her D's, 'round
Pro-mis-cu-ous-ly."



The Dinner Party

ON February eighteenth, the tenth anniversary of the school, Mr. Emmerich gave a dinner party to the school board, the mayor, the president of Purdue University, and the editors of all the city newspapers.

The big sewing room was decorated with palms, and near the center of the room was placed the long table, beautiful in its simplicity, decorated only with red and white carnations. The menu cards were works of art; appropriate caricatures of each guest.

The girls of the cooking classes prepared the dinner, and while the men, who had heroically risked their lives for courtesy's sake, were enjoying a perfect dinner and discussing the Bard of Alamo and the cookery, in the next room all was calm satisfaction. For here the dinner was being arranged for serving. Eleven white-capped young cooks were busily finishing the few things left to the last, and the room was a scene of lively activity.

The crowning feature of the feast was a white cake with ten lighted candles of red on it. This was a surprise for Mr. Emmerich, and he was surprised. A look of despair crossed his face when the cake was set before him and he thought he had to cut it. It was with great relief that he ascertained that this one was to be looked at and that another had been cut.

The visitors declared the dinner was perfect, and after they had gone, the tired cooks collected the remnants and feasted to their hearts' content.

U is the letter that stands for U,
And if U've read these lines all the way through
Surely U've lots of time to waste,
Or else U have'nt very good taste.



President Stone's Address

THE task of conferring congratulations is a more difficult one than I feel able to master. There is so much about this splendid school which is deserving of praise, and for which all connected with it deserve praise, that I am not equal to the task.

It is not necessary for me to say that there has always existed between Purdue and this school a certain natural bond of sympathy which has expressed itself in many ways. Your graduates have attended Purdue in large numbers. I suppose among our enrollment no school has so large a representation as this, and from no school come young men and women with so thorough a preparation, and, what is better yet, with such high ideals as those who come from the Manual Training High School.

One time one of these city sportsmen, equipped for a day's hunting, wandered far out into the country, and, at a loss how to find proper game, he appealed to a small boy whom he encountered. He said: "Laddie, can you tell me where there is anything I can shoot?" and the boy was puzzled for a moment. "I do not know, sir, I do not see anything to shoot." Then, as he extended his gaze farther he saw a figure coming over the hill, "Aye sir, there is the schoolmaster." That little story is typical of a certain kind of a schoolmaster, but there is another kind of a schoolmaster whom the school boy of to-day is not pointing at as proper game for the sportsman, and here sits that kind of a schoolmaster. And so, when you are summing up to-day, the causes and influences that have been brought to bear upon this school to make it a success, you will not forget, I am sure, your honored principal. I was struck by something he said this morning. "Thirty years ago I came to this city. Here was the place to pitch my tent." If he had come in a half-hearted sort of a way, saying, perhaps I will stay, perhaps I will not, or, I will wait and see if things go to suit me, you might not have had this Manual Training High School to-day. That is the thing that counts—seeing a principle well worth working for and then staying with it; and that is what made this school a success, a good man behind it, and underlying all there has been a principle which is bound to win and is winning.

And so the teachers and students of this school are not only encouraged in a work which is of interest to them from day to day, and this city is supporting a school which is not only of value to this city, but you are all encouraged because you are working out a great educational principle which is coming into recognition, and which is winning its way to a remarkable degree. And that principle is, in a brief word, the scientific method of studying the life of man, and the application of the principles of science to the everyday life of man, whether it be the cooking of food, the preparation of clothing, the making of articles of daily use, or great engineering schemes, from the putting of coal into the kitchen stove to the spanning of great rivers. It is all the same thing. First find the scientific principles underlying that process and then apply them.

And out of that practical scientific work grows not only outward results, but that training of mind and character which is needed in the citizenship of this republic to-day more than anything else, and so all of you young people to-day are engaged in a far broader movement than learning lessons from day to day; you are taking part in an educational movement and training yourselves for citizenship in a way such as no young people have ever had opportunity to do before. And this opportunity brings with it a greater responsibility than any young people like you ever carried before.

I congratulate you upon the richness and scope of your school life. As I sat there listening to this beautiful music, I went back to a little shabby school house in New England where I went to school, and I compared the privileges which came to me there with those you have, and I was glad for you, but I want you all to remember that privileges carry with them always responsibilities.



THE COOKS



V is for vacation,
When we put our books away,
And enjoy recreation
For many and many a day.

The School Improvements

THE external improvements begun on the school building in the spring of 1903, have, within the last few months, been entirely completed, so that at the present time our building covers nearly the entire space included between Merrill street and the junction of Madison avenue and Meridian street.

An addition of three stories has been built on the southeast end of the building, thereby adding twelve class and session rooms and a gymnasium, which the school has long desired and needed. The gymnasium is larger than any other in the city, and the great floor space offers excellent opportunity for gymnastic drills and exercises. Already a basket-ball court has been laid out and served our boys as a practice ground near the close of the season. A few feet above the main floor, a running track of about twenty-five laps to the mile has been constructed and which, although in no condition for speed work because of the lack of banks, has nevertheless been very beneficial to the running squad of the track team. Within the last few weeks, some of the equipment has arrived and been put into place, and before very long we shall have an excellently equipped gymnasium.

On the north additions have been made to increase the size of the shops. A third story has been placed on the old woodworking department and the building extended quite a distance farther north. The departments chiefly affected by this are the woodworking and forging, both having been very greatly increased in size.

Within the old building also some changes have been made. The most noticeable are in the freehand drawing department, where by the removal of several partitions much needed space was gained. Thus from the very crowded building of a year or two ago we are, for a short time at least, free; for how long none can say.

As extensive as the external improvements have been, just as extensive are the internal improvements under contemplation. Within the next year the appearance of the whole interior of the building will have been changed. Many new rooms will have been formed. Among the most noticeable changes will be the construction of a new rest room, and the removal of the library, to the third floor above the auditorium, which story will be added during the summer. Because of these many changes the building will be new to all who return in the fall.



THE DINNER PARTY

W is for wisdom, a thing
Of which the poets love to sing;
That we have it here at Manual
Is shown by the wise things in this Annual.



SCHOOL TIME

WITH APOLOGIES TO FRED RICHARDSON . . .

Day

The school's a clock where he who rubbers, reads
The passing hour in pupils and their deeds.

VI o'clock, 'tis then we arise
And dig the sleep from out our eyes.

VII o'clock our breakfast we eat in haste,
Because we haven't any time to waste.

VIII o'clock from all parts of town
The pupils to Manual come hurrying down.

IX o'clock these pupils, so mild and meek,
Are going to "F" to recite their Greek.

X o'clock, then lecture time's past,
And we have enough advice to last.

XI o'clock the pupils in bunches
Go to the basement after their lunches.

XII o'clock back to their lessons they go
With steps that are lagging, feeble and slow.

I o'clock Bohny, the Baseball Shark,
Hurries away to Brookside Park.

II o'clock, Dora and Roy, so gay,
Cut to go to the matinee.

III o'clock, then school is out,
Both pupil and teachers would like to shout.

IV o'clock in the hall may be seen
The departing Senators with dignified mien.

V o'clock the players with bat and ball
Go to their homes one and all.



Phases of Pupils' Activities
Drawings by Zig Schuler

Night

VI o'clock is the hour that's hard to beat,
For that's the hour when pupils eat.

VII o'clock, 'tis then that James Quinn
To do his studying does begin.

VIII o'clock is when the curfew blows
And loitering 9B's take to their toes.

IX o'clock is the hour, so 'tis said,
When all good children go to bed.

X o'clock is the hour that "he" does go,
Though not late, "she" wills it so.

XI o'clock still some Seniors do dig
Over lessons in that horrible Trig.

XII o'clock, silently, stealthily, one by one,
Come the ghosts of our lessons still undone.

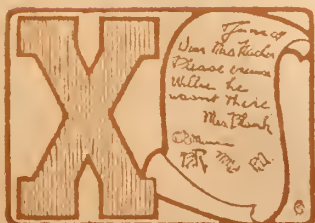
I o'clock, then Mr. Hall does walk in his sleep
And a lookout for miscreants still does he keep.

II o'clock from a dance come Inez and Tad;
They missed their last car—now wasn't that sad?

III o'clock, from the hay ride after a fine time
They feel mighty gay as they slowly "geh Heim."

IV o'clock, 'tis then that bad dreams
Come to the Seniors 'cause of their Themes.

V o'clock, how it raises the poor boys' ire
To be called then to tend the furnace fire.



X stands for—well, do you know what?
C-an't you guess it right on the spot?
U-nknown quantity it can't be to you—
S-urely you've brought at least one or two,
E-v'ryone has that e'er went to school.



THE ALUMNI ASSOCIATION anticipates with great pleasure the reinforcement of its numbers from the ranks of the present graduating classes. Each year has marked a rapid growth in the popularity of the organization from its birth to this, its sixth anniversary. These annual gatherings at our Alma Mater, revive old class spirit, and afford an opportunity not only for happy class reunions, but for the meeting of these new friends with the old.

The officers elected for this year, '04, are: President, John P. Frenzel, Jr.; Vice-President, Mark Dennis; Secretary, Clara Barth Leonard; Board of Control, Frieda Heubner, Charles Stone, elected '01; Ralph Peck, elected '02; Robert Sweeney, Bertha Hixon, elected '03.

The Sheyks

THE SHEYKS, January '02, were organized in the fall term of 1900. Though never so exemplary in deportment as cherubs, nor handsome as Apollos, the members of this fraternity have stuck to each other through thick and thin, and it can be noted with pardonable pride, that the membership has not been disrupted, nor the fellow feeling cooled, but that the fraternal bond has been knit tighter and closer. Meetings are enjoyed now as before the event of graduation, when we "silently stole away" in person from dear old M. T. H. S., but where our loyalty and spirit still remain. And since our fraternity has developed our members and deepened the attachment each to each in our school days, we are confident that the future will only mature the fraternal fellowship which exists between the Sheyks.

Saturday Afternoon Literary Club

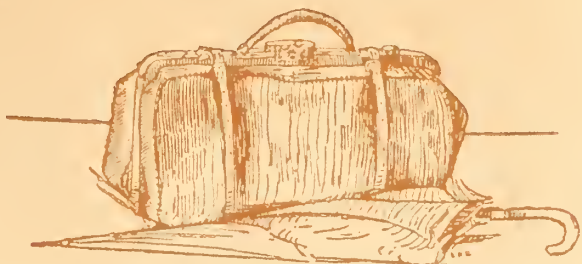
HOW can we best continue a course of study in English after graduation? Does graduation mean that many of the threads of study are snapped, that a most delightful and profitable subject is thus broken off and forgotten? These were questions which troubled a number of girl graduates of M. T. H. S. Lead by Alice Ballard the Saturday Afternoon Literary Club was formed. Those who have been members of M. T. H. S., who have a love for literature and a desire to study it further, are eligible to membership. The charter members are: Alice Ballard, Maude Gray, Alice Good, Anna Gill, Huldah Hanson, Mary Robison, Mabel Speilhoff, Nora Scherring, Grace Thompson, Mabel Walters, Lisette Krause, Henrietta Frenzel, Hazel Avery, Edna Kellogg, and Mary Dillingham. The officers are: President, Alice Ballard; Vice-President,

Y is the letter that stands for Yule.
He is the one man down at our school
Who is attempting to keep in style
By wearing the patented "wont-come-off-smile."



Maude Gray; Corresponding Secretary, Huldah Hanson; Recording Secretary, Josephine Gill; Treasurer, Mabel Keller. These officers, with the critic, Miss Foy, constitute the executive committee. Applicants for membership must hand their names to some member of the club, who then submits them to the executive committee. Names are voted upon at the regular meetings. At present the club consists of twenty-four enthusiastic members.

As to the club's achievements and ambitions: "Tandem fit surculus arbor." The shoot at length becomes the tree. The hope of every member is that from an humble beginning they shall accomplish great things later on, to the credit and glory of their Alma Mater, M. T. H. S.



The Saturday Travel Club

IN eighteen ninety-seven a dozen boys and girls, recent graduates of the Manual Training High School, fearing that varied pursuits and interests would dissolve the ties of friendship formed there, determined to meet as a club once a month. To give the color of a serious purpose to their meetings, they voted to discuss some of the late novels.

After a time the girls declared their intention to meet in the afternoon, which effectually shut out the male members. And thus was born the Saturday Travel Club.

It is composed of twenty-five girls, and is distinctly an M. T. H. S. product, since all but three have been identified either with old High School No. 2 or the M. T. H. S., and these three have imbibed from the insistent pervading atmosphere of the club, a certain love and loyalty to our school. Its personnel has changed to some extent, but there is a nucleus of about a dozen girls, who have been identified with the club from the beginning. The members at present are as follows: Anna Browning, Irene Collings Brown, Edna Stevens Buchler, Lillie Adam, at present studying music in Germany, Kate Gambold Dyer, Ida Fredericks, Hettie Bosley Goldrick, Grace Gambold, Henrietta Helming, Emily Helming, Alice Hill, Marie Talkenburg Hiss, Bertha Hixson, Eunice Hoefgen, Alice Hughes Helm, Elsie Huebner, Nora Hunt, Deane Kendall, Clara Matzke, Elsie Loeper, Mrs. Pew, Mable Stilz, Lena Sloan and Nellie Taylor Young. Miss Demree acts as critic.

On the theory that to study a country is "to reap the mental refreshment and to experience the broader outlook that taking a journey gives, without the journey's discomfort and fatigue," the club planned to make a study of the history, art, literature and music of one country each year. Thus far it has journeyed through Norway, Holland, Russia, Spain, Scotland and Ireland. The programs, which have been made out by Miss Demree, provide for two papers at each meeting, and these are followed by discussions, which are often very animated. There are, besides, two guest days each year, when there is some special feature, usually an address by a competent person outside of the club on a subject related to the work. On one such occasion Mr. Stark gave a talk on Dutch Art, which he profusely illustrated with copies of the masters. At another time the club was fortunate in hearing the personal experiences and impressions of Mrs. Crosley, who has in past years conducted a number of parties through Europe. The year Russia was being studied, Rev. Helming addressed the club on "The Government of Russia." Perhaps the most delightful guest day was that of last May, when Mrs. Mather, a charming old Scotch lady of nearly ninety years, read parts from "The Bonnie Briar Bush." Who could better have interpreted the touching story of old Dr. McClure than she did, with her soft voice, which occasionally broke with feeling, and her broad and appealing Scotch accent? The last one was held in the chemistry lecture room at the school, and Miss Demree took us on a trip through picturesque Scotland with the stereoptican. These guest days have been one of the pleasantest and most helpful features of the work.

We are glad to have this opportunity to acknowledge the debt of gratitude we owe to the school which formed associations and fostered tastes which will always be of great force in our lives.



Z is for Zero.
Do you know what that is?
If you should e'er get one,
Just get down to "biz."

Notes

THE value of such a school as our M. T. H. S. is shown in the progressive, capable business men and women she places in the business world. Below are the names of a few of the M. T. H. S. graduates who are attaining distinction in this sphere.

Our Indianapolis postoffice employs the graduates, John Falvery, Jeremiah Warren, Geo. Adams and John Engelke, of the class of '98.

Elizabeth Miller, or Bessie Miller, as she was generally known here, the popular author of "The Yoke," left M. T. H. S. in her senior year, '96, to enter Butler.

Clara Dippel, '96, is in our State Library.

Ruth Beebe, '98, is librarian at Kankakee, Ill.

Orus Keesling, '96, is now part owner of Kannon's Business College in Lawrence, Mass.

John Dyer, '96, is head jeweler for Chas. Mayer & Co.

Clara Leonard, '96, now of this city, has been attending the Art Institute in Chicago. Previous to this she was the assistant superintendent of drawing in the public schools of this city, and did some modeling for the sculptor, Adolph Schwartz.

Morton Traub, '96, with the Interior Hardwood Co. of this city, is also a member of a similar firm in Denver, Colorado.

Merritt Wells, '96, after graduating from Purdue, accepted a position with the Westinghouse Co. of Pittsburg, Pa. He recently married Daisy Nagle. Their home is still in Pittsburg.

Frederick Stevens, '97, is with the same firm.

Louis Poundston, '97, is with the Atlas Engine Co. of this city.

Lillian Adams, '97, is now studying vocal and instrumental music in Berlin.

Edward Kizer, '97, is a promising young physician.

Frederick Koechert, '97, is in the insurance business in this city.

Hans Steckhan, '97, is with the Indianapolis News. He recently married Laura Beiler.

Irwin Berterman, '98, has become one of the firm of Berterman Bros., florists.

Otto Lefler, '98, and his father are wholesale hatters.

Allan Vestal, '98, is the chief clerk of Mr. Sickles, of the Western Union Telegraph Co., of this city.

Felix Ballard, '98, is a commercial traveler.

Chas. Dyer, '98, is traveling salesman for a wholesale jewelry firm of this city.

Elma Igleman, the noted singer of our city, is an M. T. H. S. graduate of '98.

Katherine Stevens, '98, after graduating from the Livingston University of Salisbury, North Carolina, is now teaching History and English there. Her interest in M. T. H. S. was shown by the receipt of some wild violets by Miss Foy, which she had gathered and sent back to her Alma Mater.

Howard Young, '98, Theo. Vonnegut and Delos Alig, '99, are promising young lawyers of this city.

Kenneth Jeffries, '99, as Dispensary physician, answers all ambulance calls.

William Ballard, after graduating from this school in June '99, without going to college, accepted the position of assistant patent examiner at Washington, at a salary of \$1200 per year.

Carl Bals and John Frenzel, Jr., '99, are in the Merchants' National Bank of this city.

Charles Gabalzar, '99, is an assistant science teacher at Butler.

Julius Herman, '99, is one of the city's finest music teachers.

Allan MacCorkle, '99, is in a manufacturing concern in Chicago as an illustrating advertiser.

Herman McDade, '99, is head chemist of the Piel Starch Co. of this city.

Wilfred Sands, '99, is with the National Cash Register Co., of Dayton, Ohio.

Herman Scherer, '99, after graduating from the Boston Technical School, came back to to assist his father, the architect. He helped plan our new addition.

Robert Wildhack, after graduating in June, '99, entered the Art School of New York. The examinations that he had to pass were so difficult that college and university students failed to pass them.

Jessie Crane, '00, is a musician of this city.

Will Scott, '00, who will graduate from West Point this year, is one of our Alumni of whom we very justly feel proud. He was one of the West Point fencing team that successfully defeated all the large colleges of the East. There were three boys on the team. He will be one of the company from West Point at the World's Fair this year.

Herbert Eckhouse, '01, is in the wholesale paper business.

Carl Piel, '01, is with his father in the Rattan Manufacturing Co.

Harry Porterfield, '01, is draftsman for the Southeastern Traction Co.

Glenn Diddel, '02, is with his father in the insurance business.

Fred Domroese, '02, is an assistant teacher of Latin at Butler.



Roy Howard, '02, is sporting editor of the Indianapolis Morning Star.

Arthur Strause, '02, is with his father in the Eagle Clothing Co.

Robert Sweeney, '02, is with his father in the State Life Insurance Co.

Charles Ferguson, June '02, is connected with the publication, "The Woodworker."

Albert McCullom, '02, is a clerk in the general ticket office at the Union Station.

Harry Carlisle, '03, besides being an assistant at M. T. H. S., is writing for the Indianapolis News.

Will Scott, '03, who is now assisting in our drawing department, will enter the Chicago Art Institute next year. His ultimate ambition is to become a sculptor, in which field there are only two of his race. As we fully appreciate his ability, M. T. H. S. wishes him success.

Our Teachers

TRAINING SCHOOL is well represented in Indianapolis by the teachers in the public schools.

In our school we have Miss Bowser, Miss Emrich, Miss Maria Leonard and Will Ballard.

William Castelholz and George Olive are teachers in other high schools, and Charles Ducas is an assistant at Purdue.

Our Graduates at College

PURDUE: G. O. Wildhack, W. T. Pauli, Joel Barlow, W. Krull, R. S. Conarro, Lin Smith, R. J. Teeter, A. Sector, W. Wheeler, L. Knowlton, Ed. Svendsen, H. Coppock, Stacy Lindley, Gray Duncan, F. H. Burnett, W. L. Bridges, C. N. Ripley, W. C. Roesner, H. Hoss, A. F. VanDeinse, Wm. G. Kaylor, Thos. D. Sheerin, C. L. Peck, O. N. Mueller, Herbert A. Kipp, J. A. Minor, C. E. Minor, Ed. A. Gaston, N. L. Arbuckle, Chas. A. Jennings, F. D. Weisheimer, O. L. Arbuckle, C. T. Bragg, D. H. Conarro.

Normal School: Bertha Rounder, Mary Collins, Elizabeth Jasper, Eva Hass, Emma Blaich, Edith Ryan, Mary Rochford, Huldah Hansen, Mary Chase, Lillian Bohnstadt, Anna Tacoma, Emma Brandt, Carrie Eberhardt.

Butler: Stith Thompson, Stanley Norton, Edna Huggins, Hazel Anderson, Helen Swain, Frank Long, Harvey Emrich, Fred Domroese, Catharine Quinn (assistant in Greek).

Indiana University: Andrew Wiley, M. Earl Bash, Albrecht L. Kipp, Myrtle Woerner, Harry B. Hunt, Ira H. McIntire, Thad Shideler, Leslie Maxwell.

Princeton: Frank Cline, Elmer Cline, Louis Conde, Frederick Francke.

Cornell: George Kothe, Robert Zener, Anton Vonnegut, Lorenz Schmidt (after two years in Germany).

West Point: John Hotz, Will Scott.

University of California: Oscar Kettenbach.

Lake Forest: Fred McCrea.

Wellesley: Elizabeth Everett.

Notre Dame: Joseph Moran.

Boston Tech.: John Holliday.

Pratt Institute: Irene Moses.

DePauw: Earl Hunt.

University of Pennsylvania: Addison Nordyke (withdrew from Training School in his senior year).

Annapolis: Hugh Brown and Eldred Armstrong (withdrew from M. T. H. S. in their senior year to enter Annapolis).



EDITORIALS



A Word to Lower Classmen

WHY DO you come to school? Did you ever ask yourself that question? Do you come here to work diligently on four subjects for a reward of four A's, every six weeks? You should come to learn how to use your brains, to grasp every opportunity that will enable you to work to that end. Your reward will be, not so much the four A's, as an increase in knowledge, an increase in your ability to grapple with the problems the world will put before you later in life.

As a plain matter of fact, most of you attend school to become better able to support yourselves. Now is the time for you to realize that fact, and it is your duty to take advantage of every chance the school offers, that will help you in that particular. He who gets four A's in his studies, is doing well indeed, but he who gets besides his four A's, valuable education from the outside work of the school, is even better equipped for life. How often has the senior realized this fact when it was too late. Lower classmen, it is not too late for you. Now is the time for you to begin.

At this point many of you will probably ask, "Begin what? Where are all these grand opportunities?" They are nothing more nor less than the School Senate, Science Club, Orchestra and other similar organizations. They stand one and all open to you, inviting you, even urging you to join. They know the good they have done, and simply wish to help you. Accept their proffered assistance. Next September, when the new term begins, these various organizations will resume work. Become a member of one or more of them and get into the heart of the work. Put some push and vim into it, and help the organization and the school while you are helping yourself. Most of you will like the work at the beginning; all will like it in time. Stick to it throughout your entire high school course, then when you have been graduated, you will not have the one thing to regret that so many before you have deeply regretted. Remember that these organizations, beside helping you individually, assist very much in raising the standard of the Manual Training High School itself; that by working in them, you add just that much to the glory of your Alma Mater.

IT WAS not only the persons whose names are printed in the editorial staff of this book, who worked to make the Annual a success. The student body of the school showed a beautiful school spirit in the splendid response they made to an appeal, in the early part of the year for contributions of manuscript and art work. Indeed, our literary department is the pick of a regular shower of stories, articles and poems, a circumstance that certainly speaks well for the school. It is only because of such backing that we have been able to publish an Annual at all.

In every case where a student was asked to perform some service to help the Annual, it was done with a spirit of enthusiasm and pleasure. Every class in the school lent a hand and pushed the good work forward. The book represents the efforts of the entire school, not of any individual class. It is to those deserving persons who worked hard for it, and who have not otherwise been recognized in the book, that this card of thanks is due.

We thank them sincerely, in behalf of the school and the readers of the Annual.

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